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Original Poetry.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Once the world was full of beauty,
Fairer than it lately seems—
Ah, the pleasant path of duty
Garnished was by happy dreams.
Cold waves surging on life's shore,
Tell me I must dream no more.

Broken is the little circle
Gathered once beside this hearth;
Two have gone, the best and dearest,—
One was early called from earth;
On his brow the other wore
Less by five years than three score.

Green has grown for seven summers
On the grave where Anne lies,
Shutting out the golden sunshine
From her lovely, death-sealed eyes;
Calmly, gently, fearlessly,
Went she to our home to be.

Only one, one little summer
Has gone over since we laid
One beside her, loved and loving,
In the fuller grave they made.
Desolate, lone and forsaken,
Seems our home since he was taken.

From the pleasant western window
Where I sit to weave my rhyme,
Both looked on the hill and orchard,
The last landscape seen in time;—
Slumber came that will not cease,
Fraught for rest and life-loved peace.

Still distinctly I remember
How the chill November rain,
When our gentle one departed,
Fell upon this window-pane;
Saddened, bow'd, not broken-hearted,
Hoping soon to meet, we parted.

More distinctly I remember
When the peach woods flower'd last,
And the hazy-headed April
On the hills her carpet cast,—
Rain was falling on the pane,
And death was our guest again. L.

Kennett, Chester Co., Sept., 1853.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,"
"SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED
WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

MAUD.

[illegible] art my daughter—never loved as now—
[illegible] mountain-maid—thou child of liberty—
[illegible]! well from forest groves they named thee—
[illegible] as its breezes—fresher than its buds.
Prodolfo.

Six years, with their vicissitudes, had passed over the lives of the two families whose interwoven fortunes form the subject of our narrative. Daniel Hunter, with great eclat, had completed his second term of office as Governor of ——. And with these fresh laurels upon his god-like brow, he would willingly have retired for a space from public life. But almost immediately he was appointed Secretary of State, and was called to a seat in the Cabinet at Washington.

And Augusta, in the Federal City, among the assembled wisdom and beauty of the Western World, was still what she had ever been, by virtue of her imperial beauty, intellect and goodness, a queen of the *truly* "best society." At her house convened the most distinguished politicians, artists and authors; celebrated as much for moral and Christian, as for intellectual worth. And many also found a cordial welcome there, whose names were only

"In the unobtrusive paths
Of quiet goodness known."

The Hunters were still at Washington at the point of time at which we resume the thread of our story.

Ellen O'Leary. After the early storms, a deep calm had settled upon the lives of Ellen and her little family. They still lived at the rock bound cottage on Silver Creek, and were supported by the produce of the fractional farm. Ellen O'Leary was a very bad manager, or rather no manager at all. She knew little, because she cared little, about farming. Hers was the listlessness of a long lost hope. So that the days flowed on and her children did not suffer, she did not care. She never took the trouble to inform herself of anything connected with the interests of the farm. If she could tell a field of wheat from a patch of potatoes, it was the extent of her agricultural knowledge. She certainly could not tell a field of wheat from a field of rye.

But for the invaluable presence and services of Big Len, the farm, and everything upon it, would probably have gone to the——auctioneer's hammer! But Big Len was fidelity and skill combined. And assisted by his strapping son Little Len, faithfully worked the farm:—such as it was, with a fractional field here, there, and anywhere, broken up among the rocks—wherever in some little glen or hollow the deposits from the mountains had made a patch of arable soil. The garden occupied the little space immediately around the cottage.

And very laboriously would old Big Len work in his garden, and range about in his scattered fields, and very faithfully would he dispose of the surplus produce, and bring its price in money or goods to Ellen—which the latter always received upon trust without question. And such apathetic indifference would fall very discouragingly upon poor old Big Len's faithful, affectionate heart, for he loved appreciation, like other human beings. On receiving the cash at such times, Ellen would only say,

"Don't you want some of this money, Uncle Len?"

And he would reply, mildly and slowly,

"No, honey, I ain't no use for it as I knows of, I thank you, Miss Ellen;" and walk away in his rags, and his crushed hat and broken shoes, but with his spirit clothed richly and beautifully with patience, humility, and self-denial. Only sometimes saying to himself, "Ef she on'y did but know what a wrastle [illegible] had to raise that crap o' wheat out'n that there stony field 'tween the ridges;" and then, "Oh! ef she on'y would take some interest into things, an' know when I've made a fine sale 'rangement."

Old Aunt Moll, his wife, had the two cows, the hogs, and the poultry under her charge. And the old woman looked as if she had eaten all the butter and eggs, and pigs and poultry that she had ever raised or made—she was so large and fat. But many were the kegs of butter, baskets of eggs, pairs of fowls, and great turkeys and geese and sucking pigs for roasting, that old Aunt Moll would put into the wagon, to be sold, or bartered for groceries, shoes, or dry goods for the family, when Big Len would be going to town.

Old Abishag was the cook, house-servant, spinner and knitter to the little establishment. And she, too, frequently added, of the works of her hands, a half-dozen pair of coarse yarn socks, to be exchanged at the village shop for "Two pounds of sugar, a pound of coffee, and a quarter of a pound of tea." Or else for—"a pair of number seven girl's shoes, and a pair of number ten boy's."

But the surplus products of the small farm, and garden, dairy, poultry-yard and spinning-wheels, were not the sole resources of the family, nor would they have been sufficient for their support. There was another means of adding to their income. Every fall Little Len would range about among the vales and hollows, and gather the coarse broom grass, and the sedgy reeds, that grow along the margin of the streams, and collect it together and dry it, and tie it in sheafs, and house it. And in the long winter evenings, in the kitchen, while Aunt Moll and old Abishag would be spinning or knitting, and telling old legends, Big Len and Little Len would sit down with a great bundle of this broom grass and coarse sedge between them, and with no other instrument but a jack-knife, cut and plat and twine and weave this simple material into door-mats, coarse straw hats, baskets, brooms, and seats for children's chairs; the *frames* for the latter being cut and trimmed by the aforesaid jack-knife, from the tough and supple boughs of the cedar tree. Quite a wagon load of these articles would be amassed by the spring, and Big Len would take them to town, and return with a small fortune for his winter's work—with from twenty to thirty dollars.

Old Aunt Moll's strapping daughter, Little Molly, or Tiny, as she was as frequently called, was hired out, but often came home through the month to spend a night with her mother. And, upon the whole, the party in the kitchen were much more industrious, useful and happy than the party in the adjoining *parlor*, if Ellen's humble family-room deserved the name. Little change had come over Ellen's room in these six years. The front latticed windows fronting south, still looked upon the rugged, precipitous fall of rocks from the cottage gate to the edge of the creek, and upon the narrow foaming creek, and upon the high hills across it, still crowned with the forest. And the narrow back windows still looked only into the back yard, and upon the close, perpendicular wall of rock that rose thousands of feet above the house, and stretched many miles east and west of it. The little narrow door at the east end of the room, admitted into Ellen's bed chamber, which she shared with the children, and the door at the west end, beside the fire-place, led into the large, cheerful kitchen. All this was unchanged. But the humble furniture had suffered somewhat in the service. The rag carpet upon the floor, and the blue paper blinds at the windows were somewhat faded, but the white oak table, and the chip-bottomed chairs were as good as ever, and the black walnut chest of drawers had become darker and more polished than before. And the only additional thing in the room was a black oak cupboard, with glass doors, that set on the other side of the fire-place from the kitchen door. Nor had Ellen changed much—a quiet, patient, unexcitable grief does not wear its subject out very rapidly. It is true that her white cheeks were thinner, but her gentle, blue eyes were undimmed, and her soft, fair hair unfaded. Her life flowed smoothly and calmly along—its monotony would have been wearisome beyond sufferance to any one of less serenity of temperament. She passed her days in knitting and sewing, and in teaching the children—she was very faithful in the discharge of this last mentioned duty. Her simple recreations were an evening ramble with the children through the woods, or up the mountain, a row upon the creek where the water was smooth, an occasional ride with the children in the wagon to the village to find some new school book that they wanted, and an annual journey to the city to visit her wretched relative at the lunatic asylum. There was no church or school-house in the neighborhood, and her Sabbaths were passed in reading devotional books in the forenoon, in rambling through the forest in the afternoon, and in telling church legends of saints and angels to the children by the evening fire.

Her only epistolary correspondence was with Mrs. Hunter, with whom she exchanged a letter every month, and from whom she continually heard the most satisfactory accounts of Honoria—satisfactory, except in one respect—that Honoria seemed to have forgotten that she had ever had other parents than Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter had legally and regularly adopted her. And she was known only as Miss Hunter, the only daughter and heiress of the great Daniel Hunter. And she was the beauty, the pride, and the boast of all the singing and dancing schools, and all the juvenile balls and parties, and "always Queen of May." But in consenting thus to Honoria's premature entrance into the vanities, rivalries and selfishness of a *juvenile* fashionable world, Mrs. Hunter wrote that she had acted against her own better judgment, and in accordance with the customs of the city, and that now, having seen the effect of these amusements upon the mind and manners of Honoria to be anything but desirable, she should put a stop to it.

Ellen had no neighbors—in fact that rugged mountainous district was very sparsely settled, and the roads were so intolerably bad, as to amount to a positive embargo upon social intercourse. The tax-gatherer, Mr. Ipsy, was her only visitor, and he came but once a year.

Ellen's children, nurtured under the severe but salutary discipline of poverty, seclusion and self-denial, were good and intelligent as they were beautiful.

Her son, Falcon O'Leary, was a fine, manly boy of thirteen years of age. He was tall and slender for his years, yet of firm, elastic frame, with nerves and sinews well strung for strength, agility and grace. He inherited the gipsy skin, black hair, and eagle eye of Norah. No step upon the mountain was like his—his flashing glance, quick, clear tones and agile spring, were in perfect unison. It was his delight to rise in the morning before the sun, and with his light fowling-piece to range the mountains, and return with a well-filled bag of game before the family were ready to sit down to breakfast. Or at noon to sit under some broad spreading elm, or upon some projecting point of rock, receiving into his expanding soul the beauty and the glory of nature; or simply charmed with some individual effect of light and shade upon mountain, valley, or forest—trying to reproduce it upon paper; often throwing down his pencil with a tyro's disgust at his own awkwardness and failure, but oftener working on, inspired with the young artist's exquisite sense of genius, and the thrilling presentiment of future fame and power. Or by the evening fire to sit, and with no other tool but his pen-knife, carve from bits of the cedar-wood, a doll for his sister, or a little vase for his mother; but these were his lightest pastimes, and always finished with a sigh as from an undefined consciousness, that the work was unworthy, and the time wasted. He wanted help—he wanted materials—he wanted instruction—he wanted encouragement. And deeply and strongly yet vaguely he felt the want of them. There was no spirit near him to bear witness with *his* spirit that he was a child of Art. He had learned all his mother could teach him. The books at his command had been read and re-read, and digested and assimilated, and now his eager, hungering mind, had only nature to feed upon—and that chiefly nurtured his artistic genius; and perhaps to that early deprivation of books and ministration of nature, he was indebted for the singular originality, strength, and independence of his mind. Let him alone—let him work his upward way through the doubt and gloom and obscurity, of early life, like the sun through the darkness, clouds and fog of early morning—until, like the sun, he shines upon the world in cloudless splendor.

But Maud, "Sweet Maud," sweeter now at ten years old than ever before—how shall I paint for you her exquisite loveliness? The child of her parents, the child of Daniel Hunter and Augusta Percival—the child of genius and love, beauty and goodness, united and blended in perfect harmony; what should she be but divinely beautiful? Other creatures have been beautiful, but not as Maud. Maud was *perfectly* beautiful. Yet of that heavenly beauty—that perfect harmony of soul and body, of form, feature and complexion, I can give you no more adequate idea, than I could of the music of the spheres. I cannot place the bright, warm, glowing one before you, in all its splendor. I can only give this lifeless portrait, and here it is. Her form was elegantly proportioned—with a finely shaped head and neck—a rounded chest, and falling shoulders—and rounded limbs tapering towards the slender wrists and ankles, and small feet, and hands whose very finger-ends were of the most exquisite delicacy of finish. And her every attitude and movement was the perfection of grace. It has been said that there is no complete beauty without some *unique* trait. Now, to a superficial observer, the unique point in Maud's beauty was her luxuriant hair, that hung down to her waist in long, sunny, golden-brown ringlets. Her forehead was as fair and smooth as the polished white petal of the camelia japonica. Her eyebrows were slender, black arches, tapering away to the finest points—her eyes were of the clearest, purest, deepest blue, and shaded with long black lashes. Her cheeks and budding lips were flushed with a delicate rose tint.

And the only effect of the forest and mountain sun and air upon her beautiful complexion, was to ripen its delicate bloom to a rich glow. But it was the heavenly beauty of the soul within that gave the wondrous charm to Maud's lovely face. She was not a child of quick impulses or strong passions. Her affections were quiet, profound and eternal. In self-reliance she seemed rather diffident, and in self defence timid; but in the cause and service of her friends, her resolution amounted to a total forgetfulness or disregard of consequences, and her courage would have seemed rashness, but for her passionless, deliberate manner of proceeding.

An instance—a well authenticated instance—will illustrate this: it was but a trifle in one aspect, yet a thrilling venture in another. It was a cause disproportionate to the effect—an occasion inadequate to the action. But it was like our child to do as she did.

It happened, upon a glorious afternoon in October, her brother and herself went out to walk, and taking the circuitous path above the cottage, ascended the mountain-top to its highest point, and came out upon a projection of rocks that overhung Silver Creek—the latter twining like a glittering serpent at its base.

At the first glance down from the dizzy height, her head reeled and her eyes failed, and she clung trembling to her brother's arm for support, and after a moment sat down upon the rocks.

And Falconer seated himself by her side; but his eyes roved far away over the grand and glorious panorama of hills and vallies and forests, clothed in gorgeous autumnal foliage, and streams, and lakes, and waterfalls, and distant ranges of blue mountains, with the sunset clouds beyond them, outflung like the oriflamme of retiring day! And as the boy-artist gazed, his soul and cheek and eye kindled to the theme, and exclaiming, partly to himself, partly to his companion—"Here is an effect of light and shade—a culmination of glory that may not happen again in a thousand years,"—he seized his port folio, and hastily throwing it open, selected his materials and began to sketch rapidly—that no evanescent shadow of a sailing purple cloud upon the mountain, nor glancing ray of crimson light between the hills might vanish before it was made immortal. For even so felt the boy-artist in his enthusiasm.

And so he worked away—Maud sitting forgotten by his side, yet strongly interested, and glancing—whenever she could do so without interrupting him—over his shoulder, at the progress of his work, until the sketch was finished, and the gorgeous glory had faded from the West, and the full-moon had risen in the East and flooded the scene with her silvery splendor. And then the boy arose, with the glow still upon his cheek, and placed the drawing in his port-folio and closed it, replying to Maud's eager look—

"You shall see to-morrow, Sylvia—I have to touch it up a little, and some of these days, when I can get the material, and more skill, I mean to copy that on a large scale in oil. I wouldn't take anything in the world for this sketch, Sylvia," he said, speaking at once under the influence of the artist's enthusiasm and the boy's recklessness of assertion.

But at the same moment—and how it happened he never could tell—as he stooped to help his little sister up, the port folio twitched itself out of his hand, and with one or two pitches and rebounds tumbled down the precipice.

The boy stood aghast.

Reader, if your pocket-book, with all your fortune in it, had dropped into the sea, you could not have felt more ruined than he did! The port-folio was all his treasure, and it was gone. He did not speak a word nor move an inch for a full minute.

Maud, with her face full of trouble, stood watching him. She spoke first, and hopefully—

"May-be it fell all the way to the bottom, and if it did, we can get it again, for you know the creek is low now."

"I'll see," said Falconer, with new hope lightening his face; and he got down on his hands and knees, and stretched his head over the shelving rock, and looked down—Maud watching him almost breathlessly. Soon he drew back his head, and got upon his feet and said, with a despairing air—"No! It is just where it never can be got at. It has lodged in a cedar bush, growing out of a fissure in the rocks, about half way down the precipice."

Maud went down upon her hands and knees, and crept to the edge of the steep, and looked over.

"Come away, Sylvia! you'll fall!" exclaimed the boy, going after her, and helping her up. "Don't do that again, Sylvia! It never makes me dizzy to look down a precipice, but it makes me sick to see you at its edge."

"Could any one go down and get it, Falconer?"

"'Could any one go down?' Yes! you could, and you *will*, too, if you lean so far over another time."

"I mean—could any one *climb* down and get it?"

"'Any one climb down?' Yes! and never come back again!"

"I know it looks dreadful! But it is safe to climb up *some* rocks—do you think any one could climb *up*?"

"They say a *goat* can climb almost anywhere, but I don't believe it—a *cat* could, perhaps. It is gone, Sylvia—lost—my port-folio is lost."

"And you said you would not take the world—I mean—anything in the world, for that sketch; and that was only one, and the port-folio was *full* of them."

"It's no use to talk about that now, Sylvia, it is gone," said the boy, with a deep sigh.

"And if it hadn't been for helping me up, you wouldn't have dropped it."

"Never mind, Sylvia! Never mind, little sis! It was not *your* fault, little chicken, it was my own carelessness."

"No it wasn't, it was your helping me up, made you lose it."

Our Picture Gallery.

FISHING HOUSES ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The crystal clearness of the waters of the Bosphorus is evidenced by the rude and simple apparatus of the Turkish fishermen, of which we present our readers with a sketch. A few poles are driven into the bed of the stream, upon which a hut, of the rudest description, is constructed. Nets are stretched across the banks of the stream, and such is the transparency of the water, that the fishermen from their huts can see the fish in their nets, and haul them up without any further trouble. By this simple contrivance large captures of the finny tribe are made; the fishermen with true Eastern gravity smoking their pipes in the huts above, while the nets are filling.

"What! crying—my goodness! why *I* don't cry about it myself."

"Oh! but you set so much store by it, and I see how you *look*, too," said Maud, wiping her eyes, "and I know your sketches are gone, and your pencils and india rubber, and *all* your drawing paper, and I know how hard it is to get them, and Big Len won't be going to town till he carries the Christmas turkies to market."

"It seems to me, little sis, that your talk is very consoling, and that you must have learned how to comfort from Job's wife."

The gibe would have been well deserved but that Maud was talking far more to herself than to her brother, and that she was also deliberately forming a resolution. They left the mountain, and descending by the same circuitous path, reached the cottage by supper time.

But the next morning, when the little family assembled for prayers, Maud was missed. And to Ellen's question as to whether any one had seen Sylvia, old Abishag answered that she had seen her take her bonnet, and run out of the cottage gate more than an hour before, and that was just after the child had left her mother's bed-room. They waited a little while without anxiety for Sylvia to return. But she came not. And they had prayers, and sat down to breakfast, in the momentary expectation of the child's reappearance. But breakfast was finished, and still she came not, and Ellen grew anxious, and ran out to meet Big Len, whom she saw approaching the house.

"Uncle Len, have you seen anything of Sylvia this morning?"

"Yes, honey, I seen her gwine along under the mountain airly this morning."

"What, a child! to go off chesnut hunting before breakfast?" said Ellen, relieved of her anxiety, but feeling much vexation.

But Falcon O'Leary had heard with a changing cheek, and now snatching his hat, he rushed off breathless towards the base of the gigantic pile of rocks, from the top of which he had dropped his port-folio. His narrow, difficult, dangerous path lay along the slippery ledge of rocks, between the creek and the foot of the mountain ridge. It was a path along which he usually picked his way with the greatest care, holding by the saplings, but now he ran on heedless of danger—now almost in the water—now torn by thorn bushes—now swinging himself by the aid of an overhanging sapling around some projecting crag, and anxious only to reach his point of destination.

He reached the spot at last—the base of that awful column of rocks. He looked up—at first he could see nothing but the gray, rugged face of the rock, with the cedar saplings and thorn bushes growing here and there from its fissures, and then—oh! Heaven, yes there was Maud about two-thirds up the ascent! An intervening cedar bush had momentarily concealed her from his view, but now there she was! The sight of her—of her supreme peril nearly felled him to the ground—he reeled as under a blow. There she was clambering up, her eyes lifted to the top of the mountain, the precious port-folio for which she had recklessly perilled her life, into in her apron, the corners of which were held together between her teeth, while she used her hands and feet in climbing, fixing each step firmly upon some little projecting fragment of rock, and holding carefully by the thorn bushes and cedar saplings that grew from the frequent fissures. It was well for her that the face of the precipice was so broken and rugged, and that the bushes were so numerous, else might she never have reached the top in safety. And as the boy watched her, it seemed as if the very hand of death had clutched his heart and stopped his pulses. He was utterly *powerless* to aid her! an *army* could not have aided her—no human power could have helped her. And as in breathless prayer to God he watched her fearful ascent, he saw that though her cheek was blanched with terror, her eyes were resolutely upward, still upward. At length she gained the brow of the precipice—he saw her clamber over it in safety, and then disappear. He thought she had fallen—fainted when her safety was secured. He was near fainting himself with the rushing reaction. But he controlled himself by a powerful effort, and turned and fled up a winding path that led up the mountain. Quickly he reached the mountain top, and rushed out to the brow of the precipice. Yes! there she lay fainting sure enough, beside her the nearly fatal port-folio! In a furious fit of anger against the insensible object for which she had perilled her life—the boy seized the port-folio and hurled it flying over the precipice, and then caught his sister up in his arms and burst into such a passion of tears as only a boy like him could shed. Maud was not insensible, only fainting, drooping, and her first question was,

"Why, Falcon, what's the matter? The port-folio is safe."

"Oh!"

That was all he said, but it came with a tone as if some one had speared him.

"Let's go home, Ellen will be uneasy," said Maud, gently disengaging herself, but still trembling slightly.

"Sit down, Sylvia, you are too weak yet; oh, why did you go climb the precipice?"

"To get the port folio," answered Maud, simply.

"But, good heaven, didn't you know the danger?"

"Yes—but it wa'n't half so bad as any one would think, to look at it—there were so many bushes to hold by."

"But, my gracious, child, to think of it; wa'n't you afraid?"

"Yes, I was scared all but to death, when I got up very high; but you know I couldn't go back, and that was the reason why I never looked down—and because I heard Big Len say that if any one climbing up a dangerous height looked down, they'd be almost sure to fall; so, though I was dreadfully frightened, I looked up all the time—and here I am safe."

"Well, then, what in the name of sense *did* you go for?"

"To get the port folio. Where is it?"

"Never mind the port-folio. I picked it up," said Falconer, repenting that in a fit of passion he had thrown away the treasure for which she had perilled her life. And he took his sister's hand, and led her down the mountain by the safe winding path to the cottage. They reached home and found Ellen sitting by the parlor fire, knitting, very composedly, and a bowl of milk covered with a covered plate of pan-cakes, sitting upon the hearth to keep warm for the little truant.

"You must not go out nutting again before breakfast, my dear," she said, as she arose and set the milk and bread upon the table.

It was a beautiful October morning—and even while the bright little fire was burning gayly on the hearth, the front south door and windows were open, letting in the warm, refulgent sunlight, and the beautiful landscape—first the little front yard, with its late roses and bright colored dahlias, chrysanthemums and marigolds—and then the descent of gray rocks, with their brilliantly-variegated mosses—and the winding creek below, reflecting in its mirror-like water the dark cliffs and the gorgeous wooded hills opposite.

Falconer took his Plutarch and seated himself at one of the windows to read, but full often his eye and mind would wander from the printed volume to Nature's glorious one.

When Maud had finished her light breakfast, Ellen said to her,

"Take the bowl and plate into the kitchen and wash them, and put them away, my dear. Old Abishag is not here to wait on you this morning."

"Where is she, Ellen?" asked Maud, as she gathered the things together.

"I sent her over to Mr. Bill Ipsy's, to see if he had brought the geography and atlas I asked him to buy for you, when he went to town."

"Oh—!"

"I hope she will get it, for then we can begin studying to-day."

"Oh! I'm *so*—"

"For indeed you ought to have begun to learn geography long ago—only I couldn't raise the money to get the books."

"Oh, Ellen, I'm *so* glad and thankful!"

"There, never mind now, run away with the things, and brush down the table."

Maud did so, and returned and took her little work-basket and patch-work quilt, and went and sat at the other front window, in the sun, to sew.

Ellen retained her seat by the fire, and sat plying her knitting-needles, and watching the children, and sometimes sending her gaze appreciatingly through the sunny, open door to the beautiful still scene without.

Suddenly the sunlight in the doorway was darkened, and old Abishag stood there—but, oh—such a figure! Her frock and petticoats wet and muddy up to the knees—her old black-satin Methodist bonnet crushed down over her face and nose, and her eyes—what could be seen, or guessed of them, under the ruins of the bonnet—fiery red with rage.

They all looked up, and gazed at her in astonishment.

"Yes! you-dem may stare wid all de eyes you has, you may! But I'se come for justice on to dat dere young rip'rate, I has!" she exclaimed, shaking her head and fist furiously at Mrs. O'Leary's son and heir.

"Me!" exclaimed Falconer, looking up from his book, as in a dream.

"Yes! *you*, *you*! you good for not'ing dis rev'rent young ripo'rate you! You tink I didn't know nuffin 'tall 'bout its bein' of *you*; you hiding, sneakin', way layin', highway robber, bandit, you."

"Why, what on earth has he been doing?" asked Ellen, in amazement.

"What has he been a doin' of? Look at my 'spectable Methody bonnet!"

"But, how did it happen?"

"*He* knows how it happened of! a tiresome, aggrawokin' young 'sassinator! He went an' hev dis yer rotten-infunnelly ole side-saddle of a pocket-book on my head, as I was a-passin' underneaf o' de rocks—an' leetle more to knocked my brains out."

And with this consistent and satisfactory description, she contemptuously flung Falconer's unlucky port-folio on the floor.

The boy sprang with joy to seize his restored prize, and now understanding the whole drift of the charge, went into an inextinguishable fit of laughter, which kindled the old woman's rage to fury.

"Yes! You may laugh, you young 'sassin, you!" she exclaimed, shaking and spluttering with passion. "You may laugh! But of you an' your ma tinks I'se gwine to put up long o' yer ins'lence, you dem's wery much 'ceived! I'se been long o' you-dem a drefful many years,—true trick an' trie—true evil 'port an' good 'port—fur better, fur wusser—tell *daf* do us apart, amen! But of you-dem tinks so, in my 'spectable, 'sponsible ole ages o' life, *is* a gwine to let any rip-roarin' young morder walk it over me, you-dem's wery much 'ceived in yer mines, an' unnearneaf o' worry air-oncrous depressions! I'll be sell to Georgy fust! *I will*. So, Miss Ellen, you may jes' git me a new missus or marser soon as ever you likes, an' put de money in yer pocket to send dat young willian to school, afore he gits hisself sent to a wuss place!"

"Oh, Abishag! how can you talk so? You have no respect for yourself, and no consideration for my feelings. If Falconer has—"

"No '*sideration* for your feelin's! 'Sider my *bonnet*—'sider dat! 'Sider my Methody bonnet, as was my 'spectable ole mudder's afore me! an' as I has been a' wearin' to meetin' an' to lov-feasts dis twenty-odd years pas', an' nebber got it spilte tell to-day. 'Sider of dat!"

"I do consider it, and you shall have a new one!"

"A *new* one! A new one! Jes' as of I ebber could get usen to a new one in my ole days! It—it—it—mos'—mos' breaks my heart—it do! jes' on'y look at my poor, dear, onfort'nit, pitiful ole frien'!"

And Abishag took off her crushed bonnet, and sat down and fairly wept over it, as if it had been a crushed child. But Maud came and gently slipped it from her hands, and began to straighten the bent wires. And Ellen said,

"I cannot think that Falconer has wantonly injured you, and if he has, he shall make you full reparation."

"I dunno what you-dem calls *wantonly*, but I knows, I does, dat he *did wanted* to do it. But, av coorse, Miss Ellen, you's his mudder, an' you's boun' to take his part—it's nat'ral natur'!"

"Not if he is wrong, certainly. But tell me all about it."

"I'se a gwine to! You shill hear! An' den you'll know fur yerse'f who's wanton an' who's suff'rin', ole, innercence, in 'stress! Dis yer was de way of it! I was jes' a comin' 'long home from Marse Bill Ipsy's, by dat 'fernal norrow, slipperish path 'atween de mountain an' de crik, an' a pickin' my way careful wid a stick, to keep from tumblin' down into de water. An' I wa'n't a tinkin' o' no more harm, please my bressed Marster! dan a poor, dear, innercen', suckin' pig a goin' to market to be roasted! An' I passes unnerneaf o' dat dare drotted Eagle's Beak, or whatebber de 'fernal rock's name is, an' jes' as I had for to be more 'tickler nor ever, to keep from fallin' down 'mong de slipperish slabs an' water puddles, dat dare dratted infunnelly young rip'rate as was hid up dere on de rock somewhere, in de cedar bushes a watchin' o' me, an' o' tinkin' to hisse'f wot an ole fool I was, an' how he'd sarve me out. But nebber mine! *he'll* git sarve out some o' dese days, mine I tell you! Well, so jes' as I gits unnerneaf o' him, he takes good aim, an' heaves dat darned eternal ole gig top of a fort poly down upon top o' my 'voted head! An' de fuss ting I wur 'ware of wur someting fall from de sky, an' struck me on de head like hevvin and yeth comin' togedder an' smashed my bonnet on to my face, an' hit my nose an' knocked me down fur dead! True as I'm a tellin' of you, Miss Ellen! an' *he* knows it, too! It's de massy o' de Lor' I had a good, thick, 'stantial head o' my own, or else I makes not de leas' doubt I bin stretch out, *dead!* An' de jury o' twelve men fotch me in—died o' crowner's 'quest, an' bury her at de cross-roads fur sussuicides, widout de benefit o' clergyman! An' *dat* be a party 'sgrace fall on top o' me in my ole days!"

"Falconer, can you explain your conduct?"

"Yes, mother," answered the boy, pausing in his laughter; and going up to the old woman, he asked,

"Aunt Abishag, did you ever know me to do *any* one an ill turn, or play *you* a trick in all my life?"

"Not afore! No, I neither *did*. But I *will* say for yer! But you no business to begin *now*, an' I'll have compendiction!" answered the old woman, glancing side-long threats from her fiery eye.

"And I haven't done it now, Aunt Abishag. I threw the port-folio over the precipice because I was vexed. But I didn't know that *any* one was under it, much less *you*. And now, to explain it, I must tell a little story," he concluded, glancing affectionately at his sister.

And Falconer O'Leary commenced and related the whole adventure of the lost port-folio, with his sister's daring escalade for its recovery, and his own rash passion in again throwing away the restored treasure. Old Abishag listened with many a grunt and groan, and many an anxious "Humph!" and "Marster Lord!" as she uneasily shifted her head from resting first upon one hand and then upon the other. Ellen heard with a pale cheek in breathless silence. And when her son had finished, and while his eagle eye was still flashing with excitement, she called the girl and boy to her side, and, embracing Maud with one arm, while she smoothed back her lustrous ringlets from her face, she said,

"Oh, my dear child, promise me you will never do such a thing again."

"I never will, indeed, Ellen, if it hurts you so! How white your face is, Ellen, and how cold your hands are! were you so scared about me, Ellen?" asked Maud, tenderly embracing her friend.

"Oh, my love! I think I shall never feel a peaceful moment again, when you are out of my sight!" replied Mrs. O'Leary, pressing the child closer to her bosom.

"Don't be afraid, Ellen! I promise you never to do so again."

"My poor little lamb! Wa'n't you frightened to death at such a venture?"

"Indeed, I was, Ellen! When I got up so high, I trembled so I almost let go my hold of the bushes—but I wouldn't look down—I looked up always, and so I got up safe!"

Ellen still held her closely clasped with one arm, while she sank into thought. At last she said,

"My dear children, I want you to observe and remember *this*—it will be serviceable to you in the future—that in the moral and Christian life there is just such a perilous mount—from which, if you look down, you are almost sure to fall—upon which the only safety is upward and upward. And, my dear Falconer, recollect this, too,—that even after such a victory, the dear-bought prize may, in a single instant of madness or passion, be cast to the winds!"

And Ellen, having delivered her own little moral, which certainly might have been more clearly illustrated, dismissed the boy and girl, and resumed her knitting. Falconer returned to his book by the window, and Maud, having perfectly straightened and brushed the "'spectable Methody bonnet," restored it to its owner, who turned it about in her hands, saying,

"Why, who'd a' thought it! It's so straight as it was afore, an' a drefful deal more [illegible], bless Marster! Tanky, honey! I'm much 'bleeged to you, indeed! An', Marse Falcon, [illegible] shake han's, honey! Your ole mammy didn't mean nuffin' 'tall, chile! 'deed she didn't! It's only her talk! She wouldn't hurt her boy's feelin's for all de money an de [illegible] 'bout 'spectable ole Methody bonnets! Lor'! I'm so glad it looks so well! I wouldn' a' took de world for it!"

And so chattering, the old woman crossed the room and patted the head of the laughing youth, and called him "a fine boy, and a credit to the family." And then she gave Ellen the geography and atlas she had brought from Mr. Bill Ipsy's, and saying she would "have to put on a dry coat, and see arter dinner," left the room.

And Ellen opened the parcel, and her little pupil was soon engaged in the new world that the new books opened to her view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pictures of Life.

GOING DOWN HILL.

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed.

"Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything around his little place was trim and tidy."

"He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man," rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, "and I must confess that he is a good workman; but, nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves."

"Very true; and as my wife desires me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow."

"And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world," answered the farmer, "and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you."

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White. After passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying, as he charged the bit of meat—

"I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"No time to lose, I should say," remarked the farmer.

"Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No! I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. "Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit, but on the whole I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village similar scenes were passing.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dress-maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers-by; "if there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She always has paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risk."

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dress-makers had suddenly become.

On the way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

"Ah, Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?"

"Our account?" was the surprised reply. "Surely the term has not yet expired."

"Only half of it; but my present rule is to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late."

"I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time, I fear that it will not be in my power to do so sooner."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself—

"Just as I expected. I never shall see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half quarter, if I manage right; but it will never do to go on in this way."

A little disconcerted by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family stores.

"I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the polite shopkeeper as, he produced the desired article.

"Is it his usual time for settling?" was again the surprised inquiry.

"Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In future I intend to keep short accounts. There is a little bill, if you'll hand it to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way toward home.

"It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it."

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said, as she entered.—"Here are two bills presented for payment; one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather, from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single, and if a man gets a little behindhand, trouble seems to pour in upon him."

"Just so," replied the wife. "The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer, and the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper, and disappeared.

"The butcher's account, as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability would send us still on the downward path."

"We must do our best, and trust in Providence," was the consoling remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in the comfortable chair that Mary hastened to hand him, he said, in his eccentric, but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble," was the reply, "if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well, if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behindhand, and all will go well with you."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nought but a miracle can save me."

"A miracle which is very easily wrought, then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of your debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon, in the common course of events, could you discharge them?"

"They do not exceed one hundred dollars," replied the shoemaker; "and with my usual run of work, I could make all right in three or four months."

"We will say six," was the answer. "I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe, and with the remainder of the money make some slight addition or improvement to your house or shop, and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands."

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvellous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs.

It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dress maker suddenly found herself free from the great press for work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. "Just as I had expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they find that his face is turned that way. In future, neighbor Thompson, let every thing around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper."

And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, while he, whom he had thus befriended, with cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

AMERICANS ABROAD.—A late English writer remarks that "There is something unsatisfactory in telling a good story to an American, for he is always bent upon overmatching it. He leaves his own country, pre-determined to be surprised at nothing, and to be disappointed with everything. If you take him to the Derby, he finds out that he has a mare at home which could trot West Australia's head off. If you meet him on a continental tour, he is sure to tell you of a Square in New York, which beats the Piazza di San Marco or the Place de la Concorde into fits. He will not let you admire Turin or Schaffhausen, because you have not seen Niagara; and he puts you down the moment you begin talking of the Alps, because you have never been in the backwoods. Your most startling incidents he treats with the most profound contempt; and, however great your power of invention, or however inexhaustible your fund of anecdote, he always contrives to have an uncle in New Orleans, or a brother in South Carolina, who has himself actually passed through all the marvellous situations which you may chance to describe."

Selected Articles.

IRVING, PARKER AND EMERSON.

From Miss Bremer's "Homes of the New World: Impressions of America," just published by the Harpers, we take the following extracts:—

WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was a whole crowd of strangers to dinner, among whom was Washington Irving, a man of about sixty, with large, beautiful eyes, a large, well-formed nose, a countenance still handsome, in which youthful little dimples and smiles bear witness to a youthfully fresh and humorous disposition and soul. He must be a man of an uncommonly happy temperament, and of the most excellent heart. He has surrounded himself with a number of nieces, [illegible] world, whom he makes happy, and who make him so by their affection. He says he has the peculiar faculty of liking everything which he possesses, and everything which [illegible]. He is an optimist, but not a conscious one. In the afternoon I begged him to allow me to take a profile likeness of him. The handsome old gentleman now became quite [illegible] and lively, and there was such vivacity in his smile, and so much fun in all the merry dimples of his countenance, that it is my own fault if I have not made one of the best and most characteristic portraits that has ever been taken of this universally beloved author. I am glad to have it to show to his friends and admirers in Sweden. Washington Irving invited me and my friends to his house for the following evening; but as we were obliged to return home that day, we could not accept his invitation, but engaged to pay him a visit in the morning.

I went in the forenoon with Mary Hamilton to Washington Irving's. His house or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, resembles a peaceful idyll, thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows feed in a meadow just below the window. Within, the room seemed full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiments of the soul, lived and worked there. Washington Irving, although possessed of the politeness of a man of the world, and with great natural good nature, has, nevertheless, somewhat of that nervous shyness which so easily attaches itself to the author, and particularly to him who is possessed of delicacy of feeling and refinement. A portrait which hangs in Washington Irving's drawing-room, and which was painted many years since, represents him as a remarkably handsome man, with dark hair and eyes—a head which might have belonged to a Spaniard. When young he must have been unusually handsome. He was engaged to a young lady of rare beauty and excellence; it would have been difficult to meet with a handsomer pair. But she died, and Washington Irving never again sought for another bride. He has been wise enough to content himself with the memory of a perfect love, and to live for literature, friendship and nature. He is a wise man, but without wrinkles and gray hair.

THEODORE PARKER.

Parker has a Socratic head; he has a pure and strongly moral mind; he is like Emerson, captivated by the moral ideal; and this he places before his hearers in words full of a strong vitality, and produces by them a higher love for truth and justice in the human breast. Parker, however, as a theologian, is not powerful; nor can he talk well upon the most sublime and most holy doctrines of revelation, because he does not understand them. Parker, however, investigates earnestly, and speaks out his thoughts honestly, and that is always a great merit. More we can hardly desire of a man. Beyond this he teaches to be very good, to do much good; and I believe that from his kind and beautiful eyes. In short I like the man.

VISIT TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, bare headed amid the falling snow. He is a quiet, nobly grave figure, with strongly marked features and dark hair. He is a very peculiar character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear eye, always looking out for an ideal, which he never finds realized on earth; discovering faults, short-comings, imperfections; and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill. Sorrows, however, he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless, he has only allowed himself to be bowed for a short time by these griefs—the deaths of two beautiful and beloved brothers, as well as that of a beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He has also lost his first wife after having been married scarcely a year.

Emerson is now married for the second time, and has three children. He interested me, without warming me. That critical, crystalline and cold nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and, in its way, beneficial for those who possess it, and also for others, who allow themselves to be criticised by it. But—for me—David's heart with David's songs!

I shall return to this house in consequence of a very kind invitation to do so from Emerson and his wife, and in order that I may see more of this sphinx-like individual. From this worshipper of nature, who does not belong to any church, and who will not permit his children to be baptised, because he considers the nature of a child purer than is commonly that of a full-grown sinful man;—we went to sleep at the house of a stern old Puritan, where we had long prayers, kneeling with our faces to the wall.

* * * * * * * *

During the four days that I remained in Emerson's house, I had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. I enjoyed the contemplation of him, in his demeanor, his expression, his mode of talking, and his every-day life, as I enjoy contemplating the calm flow of a river bearing along, and between flowery shores, large and small vessels—as I love to see the eagle circling in the clouds, resting upon them and its pinions. In his calm elevation, Emerson allows nothing to reach him, neither great nor small; neither prosperity nor adversity.

Pantheistic as Emerson is in his philosophy, in the moral view with which he regards the world and life, he is in a high degree pure, noble, and severe, demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgment often keen and merciless, but his demeanor is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. One may quarrel with Emerson's thoughts, with his judgment, but not with himself. That which struck me as most distinguishing him from most other human beings is nobility. He is a born nobleman.

THE DARK SIDE OF MATRIMONY.—Lately, a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her? "Why, massa, she no good. The book says, she obey me. She no wash my clothes. She no do what I want her to do." The minister: "But the book says, you were to take her for better or for worse." "Yes, massa, but she all worse, and no better. She hab too much worse, and no good at all."

Our Correspondents

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

BY [illegible] REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

HANS SACHS.

Nuremberg, July 5th, 1853.

My Dear C——, I should never think, [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] to give a [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] of the old place, without painting in the very fore-ground the most German man of the old Germans in the most German city of all Germany. That last sentence will do for a specimen of the style of [illegible] renowned Hans Sachs, who was before time, poet, master singer and cobbler in Nuremberg. As Macaulay assures us that of the two great creative geniuses of the 17th century in England, one was a tinker, so it may be averred, with equal truth, that the most popular people's-poet (Volksdichter) of the 16th century in Germany, was a mender of old shoes. The mender of old kettles, however, produced a wonderful work, which will endure while men, speaking in the English tongue, shall

> "Revere the man whose Pilgrim shows the road
> That [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] to God."

By the way, my dear C., if I make mistakes in my quotations, you will not forget that I have seen few English books for nearly two years; and you can do by me, what the cobbler [illegible] [illegible] "The Vicar of Bray," and what Hans Sachs did to the *rules* (of each orthography) and to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the good old fathers of Nuremberg:

> "[illegible] is all wrong,
> I'm here to set you right."

This office the fine old cobbler certainly fulfilled, [illegible] [illegible] awl in hand, with [illegible] and lyre. But, unlike Bunyan, he created no great work of universal interest and wide-spread immortality. His [illegible] invention, clothed in homely verses, which have equally no pretensions to style, are most at home around the old spires, among the narrow and crooked streets, and under the quaint, old, pointed, and tower-crowned walls of the good city of Nuremberg. He had no power of soaring to the lofty elevation of a spirit, refined by persecution, and able by that eye which beholds the invisible, to see the [illegible] Faithful rising from the flames, and triumphantly borne in a chariot of fire, by the shortest way to Heaven.

Hans Sachs was born A. D., 1495, and died January 20th, 1576, and therefore reached the good old age of 81 years, and lived during the most eventful period of European history. The Reformation began just as he attained manhood, and his native Nuremberg was the first free imperial city in Germany which espoused Luther's cause. There was much, therefore, in the little world around him, to call forth his wit and invention; and the great struggle for religious freedom, in which his fellow citizens, as early as 1524, took a decided stand, and from which they never went back, connected him and them with the advancing light and civilization of Northern Germany. According to the ancient custom, still prevalent in the German States, he had his years of apprenticeship, and his years of travel, (Wanderjahre) and whoever now sees, as one may in any part of Germany, the young mechanic, with his knapsack on his shoulders, and old clouted boots upon his feet, may behold the counterpart of our cobbler-poet in the beginning of the 16th century, and about the very time when Luther planted his propositions on the doors of the old Church in Wittenberg. His primitive profession he never abandoned, though he afterwards added to it that of school-master and master-singer; and Johann Neudörffer, also a citizen of Nuremberg, and the inventor of the German letters still in use, and who was contemporary with Hans Sachs, ascribes to him the restoration of "the precious old [illegible] songs." Neudörffer's brief account of our Sachs is sufficiently quaint to deserve a translation. He says, "Apelles has not empowered me to judge of shoe-making and cobbling; but as to what I do understand, I can open my opinion; for, though Hans Folz, the barber, in that time, was famous for his German verses, and Shrove Tuesday jokes, yet is he in nothing to be compared to this Sachs, whom I may truly call a German poet. He well understood all those things besides histories of all kinds, and was well read and practised in God's Holy Word, as plainly appears from his books, and all that he sent forth, by the press, into the world during so many years. He printed thirty-four books, in which there are 6,263 comedies, tragedies, hymns, and master-songs."

George Weller, the editor of his works, which appeared in five thick folio volumes, during the good cobbler's life-time, says, in his preface to the poems, "Herein, justice, counsel, doctrine, love, honor, reverence, ghostly fear, devotion, bravery, wit, wisdom, diligence, unity, faith,"—fifteen more virtues being named—"and all virtues are set forth and taught."

As Hans Sachs was one of the first masters in the German, after Luther, and as learned men still thought it somewhat undignified to write in their mother-tongue, it became necessary to enter a critical defence of the old German language, which George Weller does by the following edifying comparison of it with several others. I translate as near the idiom as possible: "The Hebrew, the first and the holiest, in which God himself spake, whose letters even are significant, as no others are. The Greek, somewhat richer and more powerful, in which are contained the wisdom of all arts, and the modes and qualities of all things; but more especially, herein are revealed the grace and mercy of God, through His beloved Son, our Lord. The Latin, which God has not left without its praise, in which are buried many holy mysteries, even to our time not yet revealed. The German, which Almighty God has not forgotten, wherein, thus far, German and germane enough, (Deutsch und deutlich,) yes, bright and clear, like the dear sunshine of heaven, the truth of God's word shines, and has made itself seen and heard; which last I judge not the least wonder of these latter days." The good man is evidently here speaking of the wonderful effect produced by the old, somewhat rude, but sterling writings of Luther and the other reformers, in the mother-tongue; writings which aroused Germany from the torpor of centuries. Our editor had heard even Dr. Philip Melancthon praise the industry of Hans Sachs, who, without ceasing to be a cobbler, wrote and corrected his works during 42 years. The title-page to the ponderous five folios, which were printed at Nuremberg twelve years before Hans Sachs died, and which must, therefore, have been submitted to his inspection, is somewhat amusing, and in our day might be called vain-glorious. But our sturdy Nurembergers, instead of suffering the blight of envy to come over each other's good works, evidently belonged to the mutual admiration school. Here is a part of this title-page: "Very excellent, true and beautiful Poems, ghostly and secular of all kinds, such as serious tragedies, pleasing comedies, uncommon fancies, charming dialogues, delectable elegies, wonderful fables, together with other laughable quips and cranks; of which the pieces are three hundred and seventy six. Among those are one hundred and seventy pieces never before printed; but now, for the use and edifying of the whole world, prepared for the press, by the gifted and far-famed Hans Sachs, a lover of German Poetry. Brought together and finished from 1516 to 1558."

You will hardly expect an analysis of these ponderous productions. But they really had great influence over the German language and people, and though they have little pretensions to poetry, they are not destitute of grace, and are full of invention. Above all, they were exceedingly popular; and Hans Sachs well deserved the monument which Nuremberg gave him in St. John's Churchyard, as the "*People's Poet.*" He took good care to bestow quite as much admiration on his fellow citizens and his native city, as the others accorded to him. In one of his poems, which he dates "March 3rd, Anno Salutis, 1543," we have "The Dream which Hans Sachs had about Nuremberg." An old man appears to him, and tells him of all the glories of a certain city, its wise government, just laws, prudent counsellors, flourishing estate, excellent citizens, &c., &c. His curiosity is awakened, and he asks, "What city is this?" The ancient replies, "It is Nuremberg; and since thou art young, I counsel thee to spend thy days in this place." The old man then disappears, and the obedient poet hastening to the spot, finds everything better even than in his vision, and resolves to live there and write this eulogy of Nuremberg.

But you will get a better idea of the cobbler-poet's style, and of the mode of thinking of the people of his day, from a short account of two other poems, which in the original are not destitute of several witty turns. The first is this, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from an ancient fable: [illegible] [illegible] to St. Peter, while walking with his Master, that the world might be much better governed than it is, and that many of the evils that now afflict it might be prevented, [illegible] [illegible] on this subject, they came to a spot where two ways met, and it was resolved that St. Peter should be Master of the world for a day. A poor old woman just then came along, driving a goat, and, saying she had no time to watch it, left it near the Apostle. St. Peter was, of course, obliged to look after the goat, and as the latter was somewhat frolicksome, it led him a chase up hill and down dale, the whole day. The rest of his government of the world, meantime, was not attended to, and being sadly worn out when night came, he was glad to resign his uncomfortable [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]

On another occasion, St. Peter is [illegible] as [illegible] to admit some old soldiers [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] warned of [illegible] [illegible] they [illegible] waiting. Growing [illegible], they begin to stamp and swear, [illegible] the saints, the martyrs, and all holy [illegible]. One of the best points in the story is, that St. Peter, in his unconscious innocence, [illegible] all this [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible], but as they named the saints so often, he supposed their talk was all of spiritual things, and declaring that he had never seen more pious people," he opened the door. But, in [illegible] minutes, they had created such confusion in Heaven, that he was fain to be rid of his troublesome guests. He was told to have a drum beaten outside the door, and the old soldiers, hastening to this call from the force of habit, he was able to shut the gate, and peace was restored again.

There is usually some sly local allusion in the poems of our good Hans, but he takes great care to offend no one; and though he sometimes allows himself a broad German liberty, yet there are none of his works, to use Chaucer's expression, that "Sounen unto Sin." He had, no doubt, some difficulty in finding a sufficient number of rhymes to his own name; for his pieces usually end with himself, somewhat in this quaint way:

> "That peace and unity may wax
> In all the world, wish I, Hans Sachs."

Perhaps I shall not come to a better place to sympathise with the same wish, and to assure you that I am, Ever yours, R.

A CORRECTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gentlemen:—In your paper of the 1st inst. I see my name appended to an encomium on Dr. Swayne's medicine. This is all a mistake. I never said anything about the medicine in question, because I do not know anything about it.

I never recommend, or take any medicine, except pure water, pure air, moderation, and as much good humor as can be procured at any price.

Please do me the justice to publish this, and oblige Yours, &c.,

JANE G. SWISSHELM.

Swissvale, Oct. 5th, 1853.

Clippings.

> "I see an unreached heaven of young desire
> Shine through my hopeless tears. My drooping sails
> Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
> I rot upon the waters, when my prow
> Should grate the golden isle."—*Alex. Smith*

☞ Where the Spirit Goes To.—The returns of the trade show that in Massachusetts, of the 5,000,000 gallons of spirits, annually distilled from molasses, *three fourths* at least are used for alcohol, or for other purposes than as a beverage. At this season of the year, especially, nearly the entire product is used for burning fluid, and alcohol for chemical and manufacturing purposes.

☞ If the world suspect your well intentioned designs, be not uneasy. It only shows that mankind are themselves false and artful, which is the cause of their being suspicious.

☞ A conspiracy to rob the New York Crystal Palace, has been detected. The plan was to cut off the main gas pipe, and in the confusion of the consequent darkness to plunder the Exhibition. In the Palace there is a pearl and diamond necklace valued at ten thousand dollars!

☞ "Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said, as he plunged into the water, when he saw a boy pick up a stone.

☞ The following complimentary conversation once took place between Balzac, the novelist, and Dumas, the dramatist. Balzac: Monsieur Dumas, when I am worn out, I will take to writing plays. Dumas: Then you will do well to begin at once. Balzac: If I begin to-morrow morning, you will be forgotten to-morrow night.

☞ How Could He?—A gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants, provided himself with some farthings, and on leaving the next party he attended, presented one to the footman, as he stood at the door. "I beg your pardon, sir," says Johnny, "but you have made a *mistake!*" "Oh, no," said the gentleman, "*I never give less!*"

☞ The shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.—*Hillard.*

☞ How to Get the Men to Propose.—It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be kept by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill up the blanks; and of course no sensible man can refuse signing them.

☞ A Ring.—A sarcastic bachelor, in his random notes on men and manners, says:—"Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery." Married people may best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

☞ A Conundrum for Aldermen.—Why should turtles be pitied? Because theirs is a very hard case.

☞ Good-humored wit is the elixir of life. Your genial, jovial, comic, graphic talker or writer does more to postpone the summons of grim death, than ten colleges of doctors and a thousand cords of drugs. Laughter serves as oil to our intricate machinery, keeping mind and body from dangerous frictions by the cares of earth, and so enabling our systems to run smoother, perform better, and wear longer.

☞ An Important Question.—The following question is now under debate before the Perkington Lyceum: "Which will sooner make a man rich—minding his own business, or letting other people's alone?"

☞ A Royal Dodge.—Musical performers who receive brooches and rings from the Czar, are able, without impropriety, to turn them into money, his majesty having instituted in his household an officer, whose special duty it is to buy back, at full price, all the presents he offers. Thus, "in Russia there are certain rings, brooches, bracelets, and snuff-boxes, which have been given away times without number."

☞ True policy *says* nothing—it *does*.

☞ Rochefoucauld says, that "philosophy triumphs easily over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy."

☞ We fancy we hate flattery, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the flatterer.

☞ There are two reasons why we don't trust a man: one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

☞ Warning to Fidgety Wives.—If anything can justify a man for sometimes thinking of putting away his wife, it is when, despite of continual entreaty and admonition, she is always putting away his things.

☞ Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes, but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

☞ Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself.

☞ Ambition thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.—*Sir P. Sydney.*

☞ The *Gateshead Observer* narrates how one Joe Smith lately went into a chandler's shop, and was served with a pound of candles. "Arn't they dear!" he asks. "They'll be dearer still," says the shop-keeper, "if the Turks and Russians go to war." "What!" says old Joe, "are they going to fight by candle light?"

☞ "Manifest Destiny."—It was a complaint against the Jesuits, that they held that "the end sanctified the means;" and such appears to us to be the objection to this doctrine of "missions" and "manifest destiny." If Alexander and Napoleon had "missions" requiring the murder of millions of men, why not Arthur Spring equally have had a mission to murder Ellen Lynch and Honora Shaw?—*Daily Register.*

☞ Jealousy.—Eliza Hoar, aged 20 years, who was to have been married in a few days, committed suicide in Liverpool, because she saw her intended husband talking to another female.

☞ Sword fish are good to eat. A schooner brought one into Gloucester, which was cut up, salted, and sold in Boston for $6 a barrel. It filled two barrels.

☞ A Locomotive in the Land of Pharaoh.—A locomotive was recently run on the Egyptian Railroad, much to the astonishment of the Bedouin Arabs, who found that it was in vain to attempt to keep pace with it with their fleet horses.

☞ New Maine Law Advantages.—In Richmond, Ind., all the draymen but one refuse to haul whiskey from the railroad depot to the [illegible].

☞ A Liberal Offer.—There is a tight-rope dancer, who offers to walk across the ocean, provided somebody will chalk the equinoctial line for him.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:—

4 Copies,	$5 00	a year.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

[illegible]—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A NEW NOVELET.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," and "Clara Moreland," is now engaged in writing a new novelet for the Post, to be called

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

We design commencing the publication of this Novelet, at the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of the "The Lost Heiress."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last of December has been fixed upon as the period of closing the Crystal Palace Exhibition, and many depositors will then withdraw their goods.

Notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the managers of this speculation, it is found it will not pay. The stock, we believe, is down some forty per cent. below par. As those who invested probably will lose a great part of their money, how much better it would have been to have done the thing from the first in the "high *English* fashion," and kept the smell of the coppers out of it—or not done it at all.

If, however, resolved to make a speculation out of what should have been a patriotic and disinterested undertaking, they should have invoked the aid of the press by advertising largely—like other men who wish to succeed in business. And, on the other hand, they should not have insulted the editorial community by speeches about "black mail." Why should the press give gratis advertisements to the Crystal Palace, more than to any other monetary speculation? To aid a charitable or patriotic enterprise, without pecuniary reward, is one thing—but to praise a Crystal Palace, in order that money may be put into the pockets of certain capitalists, is another and very different thing. Men that take pay, must give pay. And men that wish to succeed in a business or Exhibition, must advertise.

But the time has not come for an American Exhibition—and when it does come, it should be a National affair—managed by Commissioners appointed by the several States. But these New York gentry did not wish associates—they wanted to gobble up all the profits of such an exhibition themselves. Well, they have got them, and we hope the load sits easily upon their stomachs. Next time we trust they will not be quite so greedy—but, when they feel an impulse that way, correct it by reading carefully over a pathetic story about a gluttonous duck, which they will find in a certain classical work called the "Original Poems."

Eastern Receipt for Cholera.—Mr. E. W. Lane, the Eastern traveller, communicates to the "London Times," through R. Stuart Poole, the following simple receipt for the Cholera, which he says has been practised with great success, and in very malignant cases, in Spain, Constantinople and India—and was never followed by typhus or typhoid fever:

"If the patient have not vomited the poisonous matter, which is a characteristic of the disease, and which resembles rice water, give a tablespoonful of powdered mustard in a tumbler of cold water, as an emetic. After the vomiting (whether produced by the disease or by the above means,) within a few minutes give a wine-glass of brandy, with ten grains of powdered capsicum (cayenne pepper) stirred up in it. This generally produces almost immediate relief, and within an hour, rest, perspiration and sleep. In a few cases it was found necessary to give a half-dose of the brandy and capsicum after half-an hour or more. A second half-dose was never required, but, should it be required, it may be given. No other fluid should be drunk before recovery.

"To accelerate convalescence, it has been suggested that 15 drops of a mixture of spirit of ammonia and sulphuric ether, in equal parts, may be advantageously given three or four times during the following day.

"The above quantity of brandy and capsicum is for an adult patient suffering a severe attack; in other cases, two-thirds or half of that quantity may suffice, as I have proved by experience."

Gooch's Steam Rock Drilling Machine.—We call attention to the advertisement of this new piece of machinery. A friend writes us that "it is a most practical and excellent one, calculated to save an immense amount of labor upon railroads, and in all operations of mining or quarrying. It is capable of performing the work of ten men, and I have seen a lateral or vertical perforation 1½ inches in diameter, made in a solid rock, to the depth of sixty inches, in one hour—the drill removing its own dust at every blow. At the same time the apparatus is simple in its operation, and designed to work in every variety of ground, and through the hardest strata of rock. Steam can be applied locally through a portable boiler of two or three horse power, or may be communicated from a distance by means of a peculiar steam-tube adopted by the inventor. Altogether it is an admirable machine."

☞ The editor of the Jefferson (Texas) Herald complains that his papers do not reach subscribers at Linden, a distance of eighteen miles, oftener than four or five times a year.

We hope a few of our subscribers, who seem to be peculiarly unfortunate in the reception of their papers, will take comfort after reading the above. Their case is not, by any means, so bad as it might be. And we, on our part, will endeavor to see that no mistakes occur in the office of the Post—and stir up the [illegible] occasionally in the Post-Office.

One Place Christianized at Last.—The Prudential Committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions, recently in session at Cincinnati, announced that the Sandwich Islands, having been Christianized, would no longer receive aid from the Board.

The Sandwich Islands Christianized at last, are they? In sea-phrase, "Tell that to the marines, for the sailors won't believe it." Why, the natives are rotting off yearly, like sheep, from their licentious practices—or else we are greatly misinformed.

Santa Anna.—The Mexican Minister at Washington has published a letter, explaining that Santa Anna's military array is designed simply to overawe the Indians—that he neither designs to use it for ambitious purposes, or to make war upon a friendly Power. Well, we shall see what we shall see; and if Santa Anna does not attempt before long to play the Louis Napoleon game, we shall be mistaken.

SHAKSPEARE!

Bishop Doane, in a recent Address at the Annual Commencement of Burlington College, said that to be "a scholar, and a [illegible] [illegible] one," was his "first thought for [illegible]." [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] says: "[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of his [illegible]."

Well, this is the first time we have heard a "[illegible] scholar" imputed to Shakspeare. The poet, who it is generally admitted, knew "little Latin and less Greek;" though his attainments in Geography, judging by some of his plays, [illegible] [illegible], of the most extraordinary character. Shakspeare a "[illegible] scholar!" What next?

England's Policy.—A [illegible] [illegible] of Lord John Russell's, to the Town Council of Greenock, seems to indicate that if the dispute between Turkey and Russia comes to blows, Great Britain will be found on the side of the former. Lord John said:—

"I trust we shall none of us forget it, that this country holds an important position among the nations of the world—[cheers]—that not [illegible], but many [illegible] she has [illegible] forward to resist oppression, to maintain the independence of weaker nations, to preserve to the general family of nations that freedom, that power of governing themselves of which others have sought to deprive them. [Cheers.] This, [illegible] [illegible] will agree with me, is not the [illegible] that to abandon any of those duties toward the world, towards the whole of mankind, which Great Britain has hitherto performed. [Increased cheering.] Let us perform them, if possible, by moral influence—let us perform them, if possible, while we maintain the inestimable blessings of peace. But while we endeavor to maintain peace, I certainly should be the last to forget that if a peace cannot be maintained with honor, it is no longer peace. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers, thrice repeated.] It becomes, then, as I have said, no longer peace, but a truce—a precarious truce—to be denounced by others whenever they may think fit, whenever they may think that an opportunity has occurred to enforce by arms their unjust demands, either upon us or upon our allies. [Hear, hear, and loud cheers.]"

The New York Democracy.—The reader interested in such matters, will find in our political column this week, Secretary Guthrie's famous letter to the New York Hunkers, in the name of the President and the Cabinet. It is likely to be soon followed by a "*vermillion edict,*" as the Chinese say—for the Hunkers are believed to be obstinate, and will not obey.

The effect of this quarrel of the Democracy, probably will be the stepping in of the Whigs between the two "Shells"—"hard" and "soft"—and their appropriation of the State oyster.

Hazel-Eyed Girls.—Major Noah says that "a hazel eye inspires at first a Platonic sentiment, which gradually but surely expands into love, as securely founded as the Rock of Gibraltar. A woman with a hazel eye *never elopes from her husband*, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, intellectual, agreeable, and lovely creature." Our opinion, "percisely."

The Chinca Island Affair.—The reported abuse of certain American sea-captains by the Peruvian authorities of Chinca Island, is said to be engaging the serious attention of the national administration. If the case be as represented, doubtless Peru will make immediate and ample reparation. Inflated and arbitrary subordinates are continually plunging the Governments of the world into difficulty.

Kosta.—And so it seems that Koszta is to be released by Austria—he having been arrested as a participant in the taking of the Hungarian crown and jewels from Buda, and the said crown and jewels having since been discovered. If this be true, what a blunderer Austria is. Writing a long state paper one day, demanding satisfaction, and the next delivering up the very object of dispute.

Strasburg Academy.—We call the attention of parents to the advertisement of this Academy, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Clippings.

SONG OF THE HAT-TURNER.

All round the hat we form magnetic circles,—
All round the hat, for a great part of the day;
And if any one asks us the way in which we turn it,
It's done by pushing gently, if you all push one way.

☞ Deception.—Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.—*Bulwer.*

☞ Lovesuit and Lawsuit.—Promise of marriage is like precious China: a man has so much to pay for its breakage.—*Punch.*

☞ Important Politico-Culinary-Ornithological Fact.—We understand that Lord Malmesbury has announced his conviction that Turkey will not ultimately resist the demands of Russia: his lordship having been informed by his French cook that Turkey is not game.—*Diogenes.*

☞ The Dissatisfied Creatures.—Cabmen should not complain of being paid at the rate of sixpence a mile; for, look at some of our best panoramas—they only charge a shilling, and they are generally "three miles long."

☞ How to Make a Debtor of a Creditor.—A Gascon meeting an acquaintance, asked him to lend him fifteen francs. "Fifteen! I have only ten in my pocket!" "Oh, very well; give me the ten, and you can pay me the five at your convenience."

☞ A house-painter in London grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

☞ Self Riches.—At an inn in Sweden, there was the following inscription, in English, on the wall: "You will find at Trollhathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, *provided you bring them with you.*" And this will almost serve for a description of human life, so much depends upon the temper that events are met with, and on the prudence that foresees and provides against them.

☞ Walls have Tears.—A complaint against damp houses has been recently made by a letter-writer in the *Times*, who says he has suffered severely from wet walls. We are happy in suggesting an efficient remedy, by recommending that the walls of new houses should be papered with Parliamentary speeches, the usual dryness of which would, we are convinced, render any little dampness impossible.—*Diogenes.*

☞ Ancient Irish Duelling.—The ancient mode of duelling in Ireland was generally on horseback. The combatants were to gallop past each other, at a distance marked out by posts, which prevented a nearer approach. They were at liberty to fire at any time from the commencement to the end of their course, but it must be at a hand-gallop. The pistols were previously charged alike with a certain number of balls, slugs, or whatever else was most convenient, as agreed upon.—*Barrington's Sketches.*

☞ One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live, when thrones are fallen, and the memories of those who filled them obliterated.

☞ A Probable Hypothesis.—If the Sublime Porte had acknowledged the Czar as Protector of the Greek Church, we suppose that respectable community would have been styled the veritable Russian *Bear's Grease*.

☞ The Militia.—Whatever the fact may be, it seems reasonable to expect that the agricultural counties should supply the best soldiers, considering the experience of farmers in field practice, and the knowledge they must have of drilling.

☞ The papers say that Boston is the richest city in the world, in proportion to its population. If its taxable property were equally divided, every Bostonian would have fourteen hundred and forty dollars.

☞ Lord Ellesmere has written a letter to Mr. Sedgwick, of the Crystal Palace, denying the report that he and the officers of the British frigate Leander had been inhospitably treated while in New York.

☞ The Moon.—Barr, a German astronomer, calculates that when we shall have an instrument nine times more powerful than Lord Rosse's, it will bring the moon within a German mile of us, so as to show an object as small as a town.

☞ An Engineer's Ingenuity.—An engine stoker's knowledge of the art of punctuation is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the *reel on* to prevent a *full stop*.

☞ Those who are always mending the road to heaven, have no time to pursue it; as the man who chalks the [illegible] stumbles oftener than he who follows him.

☞ It is in contemplation to abolish altogether the system of solitary confinement in the French prisons, while strictly maintaining the classification of prisoners.

☞ The Governor of Terni, in Italy, having recently said that when there was no more flour the people might eat straw, the people threw him out of his window, and stuffed him with straw till he died. Something of the same kind occurred in the first French Revolution.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], AND BEAUTY.

Dear [illegible]:—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in this letter, to say a few words upon the general subject of travelling. [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]. We [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] their private [illegible]. Editors hesitate to give them a place in their columns, because they know not to what degree of credit such complaints are entitled. But when the editor himself becomes a witness, he seems bound, in an especial manner, to testify against those abuses which he has both seen and suffered.

One great source of discomfort in travelling we have perhaps may [illegible] [illegible] to—the general discourtesy of hotel clerks; we mean those with whom you arrange for rooms, &c., and who represent the proprietor. We believe that we met but two of these who were remarkably polite—one at the Tremont House in Boston, and the other at Congress Hall, Saratoga. The former, probably surmising our high deserts, consigned us, with the utmost suavity, to a room as near heaven as the hotel afforded; and the Tremont always shall be held dear in our memory, both for the sake of this pink of courtesy, and as being the spot where we began and finished a good work in killing our first and only bedbug.

We know that the situation of a clerk in a large hotel is not the most conducive to amiability and good temper—that the same questions are asked again and again by a continual [illegible] [illegible]; and that the stupidity [illegible] [illegible] to understand in a few words what the aforesaid clerks know "just as easy," is almost incomprehensible—but we also know that it adds greatly to the comfort of said travellers to have such questions courteously answered, and their stupidity courteously and patiently enlightened. Oh it has "riled me," as our Yankee brethren say, sometimes, to see a modest, unassuming [illegible] repulsed by short, abrupt, almost rude replies to questions that were to him of great interest and importance. This is a matter which needs [illegible] much. And it is so obviously the interest of hotel proprietors to reform it, that we are confident it requires but the calling of their attention to the subject to effect the much-desired change. Travellers become attached to a house where they have been treated with proper attention and courtesy, and their questions as to routes of travel, the situation of places, &c., fully and politely answered. They will give such a house the preference on another visit, over one of greater pretensions and higher reputation.

And what we have said of hotel clerks, will apply, in a lesser degree, to the clerks and agents of steamboats and railroads. Some of these are so snappish and surly, it is almost unpleasant even to have to buy a ticket of them. Just think how much bad blood these men must be the originators of in a single day. Railroad companies, especially, who have such a habit now-a-days of despatching their passengers, railroad speed, to the next world, should think of this. Certainly it is as little as a long-suffering public can ask of them, that, if they are to be dashed through drawbridges, and down embankments, they at least should be allowed to go out of the world in a good temper.

And apropos of railroads, we may say that there is something we like, and something we do not like in them. We like their rapidity of travel—we like starting from Boston at 8 o'clock in the morning, and arriving at Albany at 3½, P. M.—some 200 miles in 7½ hours, or over 26 miles an hour, including stoppages. We like then, the starting from Albany at 7½ the next morning, and reaching Niagara before 7 in the evening—making some 328 miles in less than 12 hours. Part of that way, the 76 miles between Rochester and the Falls, being travelled in about two hours—or at the rate of 38 miles an hour, including stoppages. We say, that this kind of travelling, which comes next door to flying, we like exceedingly well—so long as it continues.

But, on the other hand, we miss the sociability of the old stage-coach—where strangers were jolted and crowded into an acquaintanceship in less than half an hour. Where different classes of the community, and of the Union, were made better acquainted with each other's mode of thought and action and life. Where, when you had finished a day's ride, you felt as if you had been doing something, and deserved well of your family, and the friends you came to visit, if not of your country. Where you rattled down, and walked up hills—and, by the latter, became still better acquainted with your fellow-travellers and the fertility and depth of the soil. Where you stopped at little inns, in small, retired villages—places at which the coming of the daily or weekly stage seemed like a rolling-in of some huge wave full of all the pulsation, news and stir of the great life of the world. Where you got out, and stretched your legs, and watched the interesting operation of releasing the jaded, and harnessing up the fresh horses—the arching necks of the latter contrasting finely with the hanging heads of the former. Where you again crowded in for another ten miles. Where, towards evening, all relapsed into a sleepy or sullen silence—and the fair companion by your side, suffered her wearied head to rest with the weight of almost the sixteenth-part of an ounce against your shoulder. Where youthful hands sometimes strangely found each other in the darkness, and as strangely were not withdrawn. Where courtships were commenced. Where Romance played some of her subtlest pranks—and where every man, woman, child, baby, or bandbox, stood at least for one.

But in these railroad days—nobody is anybody. Admirable Crichton himself were no better than his stupidest contemporary in a railroad car. All the conversational power—the wit, humor, good-humor and eloquence—of the most gifted traveller clean thrown away. Your neighbor before you may look as if he had all the experiences and jokes of twenty centuries stowed away in his capacious chest; but little good will they do you. No, you have been ticketed like so many sheep—for such a destination, in such a time, at so much a head—accidents excepted, and baggage and lives at the risk of their owners—and all you have to do is to sit still, take it quietly whatever comes, and be duly delivered according to bill of lading. Man, woman or child, you scarcely count for one—certainly not more than one—unless, indeed, you be a crying baby.

Therefore, notwithstanding its comfort and convenience, we do not altogether prefer railroad travelling to the stage-coaches which it has superseded—and which latter were affectionately brought to our recollection by the journey up and down the Catskill Mountain, to and from the Mountain House.

Among the stage load going up the mountain, were a very pretty girl and her mother—with the lover of the former, undoubtedly. We hope we are not telling tales out of school—we would not for ten sugar-plums call up a frown on the lovely brow of beauty; but really we cannot withstand the temptation of letting our readers into a little piece of *female adroitness*. For a portion of the way, Miss New York, as we shall call her, rode on the back seat with her mother; but, when we gentlemen came to re-enter the stage at the half-way house, we found this lady installed by the side of her lover on the front seat. The coach had not gone far before the young lady became very faint—according to all appearance, and her own assertion. Some suggested that it was owing to her riding backwards, and offer after offer was made to [illegible] seats with her, but the beauty [illegible] [illegible] received such suggestions coldly, if [illegible] [illegible] rather indignantly. At last the [illegible] affectionate mother suggested that she had better lean her aching head upon Alfred's shoulder. The effect of this remedy appeared to be very soothing and strengthening—and the faintness of the lady seemed not to increase further, though it kept up, all the way, so high as the leaning point.

Now, we ask any gentleman not peculiarly interested in railroads, whether it is at all likely the Alfred aforesaid, ever will have as pleasant an idea of travelling in cars as in the Catskill stages?

For our part, although we were not blessed as Alfred was, and could simply sit and envy him his position—which, it is only fair to say, he neither solicited (to our knowledge) nor avoided—we are free to confess that the six hours of staging, going to, and returning from the Mountain House, were productive of more enjoyment than all the railroad-travelling that we endured. Perhaps, however, the newness to us of this mode of conveyance had something to do with it. And it may be, further, that the fineness of the weather—a recent rain having cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust—also was not without its influence. As for stage-coach travelling in a very rainy, stormy day, with all the curtains down, we acknowledge that it must come very near to one's idea of Purgatory.

It is only fair to add, also, as another reason for our taking so to stage-coaches, that we came down from Catskill with the prettiest girl that we saw upon our travels. At Saratoga we boarded at Congress Hall, and certainly a homelier [illegible] of ladies than gathered around the dinner-table, it never has been our bad fortune to encounter. You plead "*they could not help it*"—but we are not so certain of that. Where there is [illegible] there is a fault somewhere. The [illegible] said that "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of clay," and they [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] can behave as well as [illegible] [illegible], and in the course of [illegible] [illegible] their countenances will [illegible] more [illegible] beautiful. And, by a patient continuance in well-doing, through generations, the [illegible] gradually will mould the features to the likeness, and thus even an ugly family become a beautiful one. We hope our [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], will bear this in mind. Beauty is not only skin-deep; it is soul-deep. If they are not beautiful, it is their own or ancestors' fault. And if there be handsome people who are not good people, still this does not controvert what we have said. For they are justly handsome through the virtues of the past; and are as justly becoming less handsome with every year and generation, through the vices of the present.

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly,
> Yet they grind exceeding small;
> [illegible]
> With exactness grinds He all."

Somewhat such is a verse we but partially remember, and the author of which we know not; but which expresses, even in the fragmentary state in which we have given it, a great truth, and one worthy of deep and frequent consideration.

But in talking as we have of the beauty—or rather want of beauty—at Congress Hall, Saratoga, may we not have "put our foot into it" in a most unexpected manner? What, if some of the brilliant eyes that weekly peruse these rapid letters, have themselves been sparkling at Congress Hall this summer? If it be so, most beautiful of ladies, remember the fair are bound by their very name not to be *unfair*. We were at Saratoga but a day or two, and doubtless that was the very unlucky day or two that you were not there—you had gone, or had not come; or just at the very moment we glanced around the table, your beautiful face was deep in the mysteries of the soup-plate, or hidden by a huge slice of glowing watermelon.

But to return to our fairest of the fair at Catskill. Doubtless the young gentlemen especially would like to know her name, her style, where she lives, what her father is worth, and "all about her." Glad we are to be able to say that we cannot answer more than one of those questions. As to her name, her place, her fortune,—

> "We only know she came and went."

And as to her style of beauty—just as like as not, you, young gentlemen, would not think it very beautiful. Did you ever hear a servant-girl's idea of a handsome gentleman—very tall, very thin, very fair complexion, very ruddy cheeks, altogether very outsidy, very beef-steaky, very! Probably the feminine match of that is just your idea of a beautiful woman. Well, such was not our Catskill beauty.

Let us recall her image. She was not very tall—and yet she was tall enough for most men to kiss without any unpleasant degree of stooping. Her brown hair lay gently parted over a forehead not low nor narrow, and yet not too broad and high. Her cheek was full and rosy, and yet not too full nor too red. Her eyes—now, by Venus, we have forgotten the color of her eyes—the expression doubtless too much bewitched us—but we think they were gray. As Mrs. Norton says,

> "And let her eyes be of the gray,
> The soft gray of the brooding dove,"—

well, let it be so, though we are not absolutely certain upon this point. Gray or brown they were, however, that the curious inquirer may be assured of. Her voice was soft, tender and cheerful—and as pleasant to the ear as the horn which calls the country harvesters home to dinner, or the church bells upon the bridal morning. Her lips—but those are too sacred to touch. Her form, a rosebud opening.

And yet all this enumeration amounts to nothing. For it was not the particular elements, so much as the sum-total, the harmonious balance of her beauties, that charmed the appreciative beholder. It was the consciousness that this was not a creature of impulse or passion—though both had their proper place in her beautifully adjusted organization—but a very woman, the incarnation of Duty and Obedience as well as of Love. It was the feeling that here was one who never, in human probability, could fail in her duties as daughter, wife or mother. Whose pulses beat warmly but evenly, and kept time with the heart-throbbings of angels and of seraphs. Whose path through life would not be fitful and meteoric, but calm and serene as a star. Who would neither seek celebrity and the world's gaze—nor, in the path of her duty, shun them. Who was too much of a woman, to envy the lot and career and political distinctions of man. One in fact who realized Wordsworth's beautiful description:

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> * * * * *
> A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A Traveller between life and death;
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
> A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a Spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light."

We have left out the lines,

> "For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, *blame*, love, kisses, tears, and smiles,"

because our lady of the Catskill is too "bright and good" for "blame"—as we have conceived her character.

"Oh yes, and much you know about her, after a short three hours ride," says some sour-visaged female reader, whose butter or mantua-maker will not come; or some male one who sold his corn or calico last week for from half to three-quarters of a cent less than he finds he could get for it now—"much you know about her. We wonder you did not pop the question right off!"

Softly now, my satirical masters and mistresses. Suppose I should be mistaken—what then? Am I any the wiser, or are you any the less wise? She is "all my fancy painted her," or she is nothing. And even if the latter, what harm is done? Suppose I never met such a maiden at all, sitting opposite to me in the Catskill stage-coach for three mortal hours; and that this is all a dream, a day-dream, let down into my mind from the bright regions above? What then? She is the same to you as if she were mortal flesh—so that you have faith and believe.

And as to our "popping the question," why should we. We are not a Turk, nor a Mormon. And because we have eyes to see, and a soul to appreciate, it does not follow that we have a heart to give away. As for our Catskill beauty, we do feel an interest in her—and would give from five to fifty dollars to have her properly mated—that is, taking it for granted she is a real existence.

But we must draw this letter to a close. We never shall be able to descend to common, sublunary descriptions, after our pencil has been dipped in such ethereal colors. If we had time and space, we might say a few words upon a Western Lily—its freshness and whiteness something travel-stained—that we met on the route from Niagara to Albany; but prudence forbids our inflicting too much of such dainty stuff at one time, upon our younger readers.

H. P.

☞ An India plant, as good as gutta [illegible] has been found. Its milky [illegible] [illegible] percha, becomes tough and [illegible] [illegible], when dried, correspond [illegible] [illegible]. The chemical tests of [illegible] [illegible] exactly with the established results of gutta percha. It becomes plastic in hot water, and has been moulded into cups and vessels. It will unite with the true gutta percha. It also produces an excellent fibre, useful in the place of hemp and flax. It is called the Muddar plant of India, (Asclepia gigantea.)

POSTSCRIPT.

Pennsylvania Election.—The Democrats have carried the State—probably by a large majority. The following State officers are elected:

Supreme Judge—John C. Knox, Democrat.
Canal Commissioner—Thos. H. Forsyth, Dem.
Auditor General—Ephraim Banks, Dem.
Surveyor General—J. Porter Brawley, Dem.

The *Legislature*, we think, will show a Democratic majority in both houses, but the Liquor Law question has entered so largely into the contest, that it is impossible to say, at present, how the two leading parties will stand.

In Philadelphia City the Consolidation and Reform party have a majority. The vote for Senator is as follows:

Eli K. Price, Consolidation and Reform	4,549
Charles O'Neill, W.	4,209
Francis Cooper, D.	3,131

Price's majority over O'Neill, 340

Flanigen is defeated—running behind his ticket from one to two hundred votes.

In the County, it is probable a portion of the Consolidation ticket, and a portion of the Democratic ticket, are elected.

In the City and County Ticket—Reed (Whig) is elected District Attorney; Murphy (Dem.) over Moyer (Native) Marshal of Police; Coleman (Whig) County Treasurer; and three other Democrats probably to other offices. Gilpin (Whig) is re-elected Mayor of the City by a large majority.

New Publications.

Passages From the History of a Wasted Life. By a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

This volume forms the most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] upon the side of temperance, being apparently a truthful record of a wasted [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The danger to literary men of resorting to stimulants for the purpose of exciting brilliant conceptions and a more rapid flow of ideas, is forcibly depicted. Many a brother unfortunate, struggling between glorious aspirations and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], with the fearful consciousness that his foes are gaining steadily upon him, may here see, as in a glass, his own downward [illegible], and recoiling with horror from the drunkard's inevitable doom, perchance seek and find the strength that shall save him.

The following incident shows how delusive may be that sudden brightening up of the mental powers produced by intoxicating drink. We may head it,

DOING IT UP BROWN.

One day, as I sat in the corner of one of the spacious boxes of the coffee-room, conversing with two or three of the lodgers over a pot of the "heavy" beverage, I amused myself, as was my habit, by sketching heads on a piece of waste paper. This attracted the notice of the lithographer.

"Let me just look at that," he said, taking up the scrap on which I had drawn a memory-likeness of Lord Brougham.

He glanced at it, told me that I was "an artist," at which I smiled doubtingly, and asked me whether I could draw on stone.

I told him that I had never tried.

"Well," he remarked, "you could; there is no doubt about that, and earn money at it too. If you will try, I'll bring home a stone this evening."

I assented, and the next day I took the lithographic chalk in my hand for the first time. Mr. S—— himself sat for his likeness, and, having a few blurred lines—the result of inexperience—I succeeded pretty well; better in the likeness than in the drawing though. However, S—— took the stone to his shop, and brought back with him the first impression of my first sketch on stone. After that I used to make many a design or portrait, which materially added me in a pecuniary point of view.

If I could have refrained altogether from intoxicating liquors, I feel quite sure that at this period I might have earned no despicable wages by my pencil alone. But alas! the temptation was too strong; and stones sent me by publishers to draw upon, frequently lay untouched until all patience on their parts was worn out. At length all emolument from this source was put an end to, by so gross an act of carelessness, that I feel almost ashamed to record it.

I had been out on a "spree" the night before, and so it is no wonder that one morning on rising, with an indefinite idea that I had something to do which must be done, I felt quite unequal to any labor at all, either mental or physical. My head was dizzy without aching. My eyes were dim, and every object looked hazy; and when I quitted my bed it was but to sink groaning into a chair that stood beside it. To walk across the room was an absolute impossibility; and chill colliquative sweat burst from every pore. At length, however, I managed by slow degrees to dress myself, and then, tremblingly, I descended the staircase, to the place where the beer was sold. So "shaky" was I, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could lift the pewter measure to my fevered lips; but I managed to do it, and drank off its contents at a draught. Then I staggered to my usual corner, and endeavored to fulfil my engagement, which was to design a frontispiece to a new forthcoming work.

But I possessed not the power. Idea upon idea flowed through my brain with amazing rapidity, yet not one of them remained for an instant. A hundred times I took up the chalk, but as often my trembling hand refused to do its office. For the life of me I could not draw a line as I wished, and, in a paroxysm of rage, I dashed the stone into a dozen fragments. Now, thought I, if I could get a little brandy to steady me, I have another stone, and may succeed; so I went out, sneaked into the public house, and drank off a tumbler full of cognac. The effect was instantaneous. I felt capable of anything, and in ten minutes from that time I was sketching away with great rapidity. I thought, as I proceeded, that I had never produced so splendid a design before; and, to my eye, it seemed an amazing emanation of genius! Cruikshank, Phiz, Gavarni! I defied them all! At length, the design being completed, I sent it off to the pressman, and requested that a proof might be sent me.

The proof did not arrive that day, but it did in two days afterwards, when I was quite sober; and never shall I forget the mortification I experienced when I gazed on the horrible record of my hours of intoxication. It was the maddest mixture of absurdities and incongruities that the eye was ever offended by. What I had deemed, whilst "beside myself," to be a splendid and original effort, in my sober moments I saw to be as contemptible a production as ever disgraced its originator. Accompanying the "proof" was a note, in which the gentleman who ordered the design, more than intimated his suspicions of my state when I sent it to him, and requested me to apply to him no more for employment.

There went another chance! I tore up the proof, flung it into the fire, and so ended for a long time my lithographic career.

The Forged Will: or, Crime and Retribution. By Emerson Bennett, author of Viola, Clara Moreland, &c. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

This is a revised republication, under a new title, of a work of Mr. Bennett's issued some years since. It was Mr. Bennett's intention to have accompanied it with a Preface, stating this fact; but, in his absence from the city, the work got to press without the explanation. "Oliver Goldfinch" was the original title.

We have glanced through the "Forged Will," and shall be surprised if it do not prove one of the most successful of Mr. Bennett's publications. It seems to be a stirring, well-written story of crime triumphing for a while, only to meet its usual fitting reward at the end.

By the way, we perceive that Mr. Bennett's "Clara Moreland," originally published in the Post, is one of the popular American works which recently have been issued in England.

A Visit to Europe in 1851. By Prof Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College. In Two vols.

Two volumes of travels by a gentleman of Prof Silliman's intelligence, could not fail both to interest and instruct the reader. Those who have long delighted over a former journal of European experiences by the same pen, will need no urging to purchase the present work. It is embellished with a portrait of the author, and other engravings. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York; and for sale by A. Hart, Philada.

The Second War With England. By J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and His Marshals," &c.

Two volumes written in Headley's spirited style, and with a decided leaning in favor of the party that supported, as opposed to that which denounced the war. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

English Literature of the Nineteenth Century, on the Plan of the Author's "Compendium of English Literature," and Supplementary to it. Designed for Colleges and Advanced Classes in Schools, as well as for Private Reading. By Charles D. Cleveland. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle, No. 6 South Fifth Street.

A volume of excellent reading, in prose and poetry—including some of the choicest gems of modern literature.

Egeria; or, Voices of Thought and Counsel for the Woods and Wayside. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. Author of "Catharine Walton," &c. Philadelphia: Published by [illegible] & Co.

A book in the style of "Lacon," containing the thoughts and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] experiences of an active and [illegible] [illegible] cultivated mind.

The Lawyer's Story; or, The Orphan's Wrongs. By a member of the New York Bar. New York: H. Long & Brother.

A harmless story, probably an attractive one to ordinary readers. It is illustrated by four engravings.

Pilgrim Celebration. An account of the Pilgrim Celebration at Plymouth, August 1, 1853, containing a List of the Decorations in the Town, and correct copies of the Speeches made at the Dinner Table. Revised by the Pilgrim Society. Sons of the Pilgrims who may desire this pamphlet, are informed that the publishers are Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, and that it is for sale by Smith & English, Philadelphia.

Harper's Magazine. The October number opens with a Memoir of Damascus, by Jacob Abbott. An article entitled "The Prison and Prisoners of Paris," looks interesting, and is amply illustrated. The fascinating but pernicious historical romance of "Napoleon," by Rev. Mr. Abbott, is continued, and the conclusion of Bleak House given—with the usual variety of good miscellaneous reading.

Bleak House.—The last number of Bleak House concludes Esther's romance by leaving the lovely and modest and self-sacrificing girl united to the choice of her heart, Allan Woodcourt.

A spirited portrait of Dickens will grace the forthcoming complete volume. Published by Harper & Brothers; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Shakspeare's Works. A new edition, in eight volumes, print and paper good—the text regulated by the recently discovered folio of 1632; with glossarial and other notes, and the readings of former editions. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

On Civil Liberty and Self-Government. By Francis Lieber, L.L. D., author of "Political Ethics," "Essays on Labor and Property," &c. Two Volumes. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Phila.

We have looked through this work of the learned Professor of Political Philosophy in the [illegible] College of South Carolina, with much [illegible]. The general [illegible] of Mr. Lieber's [illegible] is, in our opinion, worthy of being [illegible] into the minds of American students. In a Preface, addressed to his former pupils, the author says of his work: "If it prove an additional incentive to hold fast to our liberty, and to cultivate it with fresh purity of purpose; if it [illegible] [illegible] love of [illegible] [illegible] and disdain of self-praise; if it tend to confirm civil fortitude, that virtue which is acquired by the habit of at once obeying and insisting upon the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible], and should [illegible] [illegible] elevated when it resists alluring excitement; if, in some measure, it serve to restrain us from exaggeration and judging by plausibility—two faults that are rifer in our age than they have been almost at any other period; if it steady the reader against that enthusiasm which Wesley designates as 'the looking to the end without the means;' if it deepen our abhorrence of all absolutism, whether it be individual or collective, and by whatever name it may be called, and if it strengthen our conviction of the dignity of man, too feeble to wield unlimited power, and too noble to submit to it, then, indeed, I shall be richly rewarded, and shall not consider myself too bold if I point to you as Epaminondas, in his dying hour, pointed to Leuctra and Mantinea."

A Church Dictionary. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. Sixth Edition Revised and Adapted to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, by a Presbyter of said Church.

A useful volume of 580 pages, devoted to the elucidation of ecclesiastical terms, customs, &c.—especially those pertaining to the Church of England. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By Thomas Moore. Two vols. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

A memoir of one of the most gifted of Irishmen, by another scarcely less gifted. An engraving of Sheridan, after the portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, embellishes the first volume.

Uncle Sam's Palace; or, The Reigning King. By Emma Wellmont. Illustrated by Billings. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co.

A story of moderate interest, illustrating the necessity and value of the Maine Liquor Law. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous.

WOMAN THE TRUE ARTIST.

Two schools of design for women, said to be the best in the United States, are situated in the city of Philadelphia. They are now open for the reception of pupils.

Institutions of this character are the legitimate result of the recent unprecedented development of female education. Thirty years ago, a few boarding schools for the daughters of the wealthy existed in civilized countries; but their modes of instruction were crude and narrow. The peace, which has been almost unbroken since 1815, has turned the activities of the human mind to the miserable conditions of labor, the ignorance of the laboring classes, and especially of the mothers of the people. It has been an era of labor-saving inventions, commercial expansion, humanitary reforms, benevolent societies, and improvements in common schools. Not only have boarding-schools been multiplied, but seminaries, colleges, primary schools and academies for girls. The movement in favor of female education has been universal. Girls are admitted to the common schools in Prussia and in France. In the educational establishments under the patronage of the city of Paris, there are nearly 18,000; and in 1849, the private elementary schools in the same city, for girls, numbered five hundred, while there were only four hundred and fifty-three for boys. In our own city, the efforts for the promotion of female education have been crowned with such success, that it is frequently questioned whether, taking the whole population, females under thirty are not, as a general thing, superior in intelligence, to men under the same age. Of such a state of things, the establishment of "Schools of Design for Women" is the legitimate result.

That these institutions open to women new avenues to employment and comfort; that they afford to them new resources against the competitions of an industrial system which immolates the man to the machine and the operative to the capitalist, is a view so clear as to need no enforcement. We would rise to the higher considerations of the relations of woman to Art.

In the embryonic stages of social development, such as the world has been traversing, physical and material forces have predominated. In every society, natural aptitudes have been sacrificed to temporary and arbitrary considerations. Men have roughly and awkwardly seized upon the sceptre of the realms of Taste and of Ethics. A few have won immortal fame by their genius; Phidias, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Apelles, Rubens, and others of the stronger sex, are the Kings of Art; and there are no *Queens?*

It is not to be denied, however, that the ascendancy of man in Art is a usurpation. Nature clearly indicates woman as the lawful possessor of that sceptre. In every way she is in closer sympathy with the external world, and, consequently, more alive to its terrors and beauties. Her delicate physical organization vibrating to every extraneous movement, her cerebral and vital development rendering her peculiarly susceptible to external influences, making her hang with delight over the ruby lips of a sea-shell or the blushing petals of a rose, pale with affright at the roar of a lion, or rise into sublime enthusiasm at the solemn music of the ocean—these mark her destiny as an artist, the interpreter of the world in which we live. Her very charms are akin to natural influences: the many-sided wave is not more liquid than the fascinations of her gaze; her flowing tresses are charged with electricity, and the curves of rivers and the enlacements of vines yield, in grace and suppleness, to the undulations of her person. In the terrible physical revolutions, too, to which she is subject—those painful crises of creative nature which awaken all the dormant powers of her soul, preceded by hope and dread, accompanied by anguish, and followed by enthusiastic devotion—there is for her an initiation into the operations of nature, which places her face to face with the deeper and grander truths of existence. Maternity imparts knowledge, to which man can only arrive by the circuitous and arid paths of scientific investigation. She is stamped by nature as pre-eminently the Artist. In herself the ideal of elegance, beauty, and [illegible], it is her part to redeem life [illegible] [illegible] ugliness; to train the vine around [illegible] the porch of home; to surround [illegible] [illegible] with forms of grace and harmony; to make the canvas immortal with images of beauty, and to elevate literature by higher types of excellence and more truthful expressions of the subtler sentiments and mighty passions of the human soul.—*Philadelphia Daily Register.*

Extravagance of Gentlemen.—The newspapers have rather ungallantly referred to the extravagance of the ladies in articles of dress and ornament, but it would appear that gentlemen are liable to the same censure in the prices paid for many articles of dress now in vogue. The most fashionable cravats are sold for five dollars. The fall styles of velvet vests range from ten to twenty-five dollars each. Most of the desirable patterns of the best quality, have already been taken at prices above twenty dollars.

In the matter of vest buttons there is great extravagance. We hear of sales of single setts at upwards of a hundred dollars, and the jewellers on Washington street have elegant styles at prices ranging from ten dollars to twenty dollars a button, or from sixty dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars a sett of six! At the latter price, a superb sett with diamond centres can be obtained.

The finest shirts on exhibition in Faneuil Hall cost twelve dollars each, and a small fortune is required for a "fashionable suit" of gentleman's clothes.

A Monster Travelling Carriage.—A crowd of curious gazers was assembled on the Quai d'Orleans around a wagon, which, from its size and proportions, might well be called the Imperial wagon. It was neither more nor less than a residence, with every convenience, including a dining-room, a bed-chamber, with its appurtenances, a kitchen, a cool cellar, in which fifty bottles of wine can be kept in iced water; in short, everything which can be desired in a comfortable residence. This caravan has been built to the order of M. le Compte de C——, who superintended its construction at the factory of M. Pollecran. The proprietor intends it for his own use and that of his family, and will shortly set out on a tour of Europe. Its completion has cost 44,000 francs.—*Foreign Paper.*

Exorcism.—The New York (Catholic) *Freeman's Journal*, expresses an opinion that the Spiritual Rappings are of demoniacal origin, and, in commenting upon the case of a lady, who, it is said, has recently become demented through the influence of Spiritualism, suggests [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible], and to be freed from the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to the Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, [illegible] he finds reason to believe that there is demoniacal possession in the case, will appoint an exorcist to drive out the devil that bewitches her."

General News.

Woman's Rights' Convention.—The Woman's Rights' Convention assembled at Cleveland, on the 5th. Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, was elected Presidentess; Martha Wright, of New York, Caroline and H. B. Blackwell, of Ohio, Secretaries, with nine Vice Presidents, of both sexes.

Letters were read from Horace Greeley, taking strong grounds in favor of the movement, Samuel J. May, and others.

Quite a breeze arose upon a motion that the Convention attend a Temperance Meeting in National Hall in the evening. It was voted down with indignation.

A telegraphic despatch, dated Cleveland, Oct. 7th, says:

The Woman's Rights Convention, assembled here, had a most stormy session yesterday.

A series of resolutions were adopted, claiming the exercise of the elective franchise as one of woman's rights, and her eligibility to political stations of honor and profit.

As the ladies were in a fair way for monopolizing the whole debate, an over bold member of the male gender ventured to offer a resolution to the effect that the women confine their speeches within the limits of fifteen minutes. This proposition was, of course, received as a very serious attempt to encroach upon one of the most important of woman's rights, and was indignantly voted down.

Mrs. Clark here endeavored to speak a word in behalf of man, probably with the kind intention of soothing the feelings of the author of the objectionable resolution, but she was immediately gagged for her temerity, amid loud cries of "turn her out."

Abby Kelly made a speech, in which she bitterly attacked churches and ministers, which excited more angry discussion, and attempts were made to put her down by those who were not yet prepared to go the same length of folly.

Abby, however, maintained her position, and would not yield the floor, declaring that she wouldn't be put down.

Here another terrible scene of confusion and strife of tongues ensued, in the midst of which a motion to adjourn was put and carried, and the Presidentess fled the hall to escape the vengeance of some portion of the Convention whom she had offended.

Cleveland, Oct. 8.—The Woman's Rights Convention re-assembled here again yesterday, very quietly, with scarcely any trace of the storm of the day previous. The harmony of the body was, however, soon again threatened by the introduction of a letter from the Rev. T. W. Higginson, asking the Convention to take up a collection for the purpose of raising a fund to print cheap tracts advocating woman's rights.

Mrs Barker and Abby Kelly objected to, denouncing the Rev. gentleman as a heretic.

Lucy Stone replied in indignant terms, after which the collection was taken up.

Whilst the plate was going round, some young men in the gallery said that if Miss Lucy would come up there herself, they would shell out. That lady instantly went up, when the young gentlemen launched out $40.

Mr. Garrison introduced a resolution about the World's Temperance Convention, for its action against Antoinette Brown.

After some remarks by Messrs. Giddings and Burleigh the resolution was carried.

Mrs. Barker made an address, denouncing the church and the Bible, and abused the clergy as impostors, &c.

Much confusion and excitement prevailed during this speech, and Antoinette Brown indignantly replied that she was ready to answer Mrs. Barker to-day.

The Convention then adjourned until Saturday.

Cleveland, Oct. 9.—The closing scenes of the Women's Rights Convention, yesterday, was most exciting. Antoinette Brown replied to Barker's infidel speech, denouncing her as a heretic. Garrison replied, defending Barker.

Mr. Nevins also made a reply to Barker, making severe personal allusions, during which he was frequently interrupted by Messrs. Garrison and Barker, until the audience finally hissed them down.

Garrison called Nevins a blackguard and a rowdy, whereupon a scene of great excitement ensued.

After the adjournment, Nevins met Garrison in the street, and demanded an apology, which was refused. Nevins then laid violent hands on Garrison, pulling his nose and otherwise maltreating him. The latter made no resistance, and Nevins was finally taken off by his friends, putting an end to the scene.

Before the final adjournment, it was voted to hold the next Convention in Philadelphia, on the 18th of October, 1854.

A Daughter of Patrick Henry Defending Her Father.—Mrs. D. S. Winston, an aged widow lady, formerly the wife of Mr. G. D. Winston, deceased, of Virginia, and who resides in a humble cottage, near Athens, Ala., is a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry, of Virginia, of Revolutionary memory; and we notice that a late number of the Athens Herald contains a communication from her, correcting a statement in Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," wherein it is stated that "in one of his earlier purchases of land, he is blamed for having availed himself of the existing laws of the State, in paying for it in the depreciated currency of the country; nor was he free from censure on account of some participation which he is said to have had in the profits of the Yazoo [illegible]." Mrs. Winston says that Mr. Wirt was not acquainted with her father, and never saw him, and therefore had to depend upon others for his information. The charge was brought against him when he was spoken of as the successor of Gen. Washington, and, being conscious of his innocence, he never took the trouble to contradict it. Mrs. Wirt, his wife, and the mother of Mrs. Winston, however, wrote to the Treasurer of Virginia, on the subject, and the officer replied that the money was paid in gold and silver. Mrs. Winston admits that her father was concerned in the Yazoo purchase, but she adds that the "well informed need not be told that many persons of unquestionable integrity became purchasers of the Yazoo stock, and that all the criminality of the affair is attached to the originators of the scheme."

Mexico.—Santa Anna, it is said, intends to proclaim himself Emperor, as soon as his plans can be completed and his proposed army of 80,000 men organized. In a recent speech to his troops, at the capital, he referred somewhat obscurely *to campaigns in which they would have to prove their valor.* The new Mexican Minister to Spain, late Mexican Consul at Havana, is to be recalled for his complicity in the affair of the Lady Suffolk slaver. Santa Anna, it is also said, has written to the Captain-General, pointing out the necessity of his immediately sending back the Yucatan Indians. A rigid censorship of the press is maintained, and the enemies of Santa Anna, as well as all suspected of opposition to his imperial projects, are to be seized, and imprisoned or banished. Already several political prisoners are confined in the fort at Vera Cruz, and one hundred and fifty others are banished from the country.

Interesting Statistics.—A gentleman claiming to be a "friend to the human race," and who keeps the run of facts, figures, and babies, has just laid before "an inquiring world" the following statistics:—"The whole number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064; 587 in Europe; 936 in Asia; 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of our globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter part die previous to the age of 7 years, and one half before reaching 17 years of age; and those who pass this, enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years in life; to every 100 only 6 reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 live to 80 years of age."

The Western Reserve.—"Observer," the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, says:

I have come through the Western Reserve—the true garden spot of Ohio. What a country this is! It looks as if it had been cultivated for hundreds of years, and as if the intelligence of generations had been employed to give it its present appearance. Everywhere fine cultivated lands, meadows and woods, that looks as if foresting had been practised here for years. All the farm-houses look all clean and comfortable, and the church-steeples and school-houses, as white as if they had been painted yesterday. Everywhere you see the evidences of thrift, intelligence and prosperity.

Precocity.—The Tyler (Texas) Telegraph of the 10th, says:—A good deal has been said of late about the precocity of American youth, but all that we have seen of them is completely outstripped by a Mexican "boy" of San Antonio. He attempted to give in his vote at the late election, but from his youthful appearance his vote was challenged, and it was proven on oath that he was but thirteen years of age. The Ledger says that he has a wife, and a child one year old, and for the sake of gratifying curiosity, the editor of that paper was led to consult a physician on the subject, and was assured that this "boy" could not have been exceeding 11 years at the time of his marriage.

Revolutionary Step in Australia.—Recent accounts from Australia, say the first revolutionary step of the people was made upon the 12th of July, when an important meeting of gold diggers was held at McIvor in order to petition the Government to reduce the present license tax on land.

Mr. George Thompson, a delegate from Bendigo, addressed the assembly in an eloquent and bold manner, insisting that the lands should be "unlocked" to the people. Meetings will be held at Bendigo, Forest Creek, Ballarat, and the Ovens, for a similar purpose. A petition to the Queen was adopted.

Anniversary of the Jerry Rescue.—The anniversary of the rescue of Jerry, the Fugitive Slave, was celebrated in Syracuse, on the 1st, in the City Hall, the use of which was granted by the Common Council, on the casting vote of the Mayor. About 3,000 persons were present. Gerrit Smith presided, and speeches were made by Mr. Smith and Mr. Burleigh, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown and others.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

MEETING OF WOMEN.

A public meeting of the Rosine Association the reformation, instruction and employment males who have led immoral lives, will be in Sansom Street Hall, on the afternoon of day, the 20th inst., at 3½ o'clock. Ladies the religious and benevolent societies are to attend. This Society is one in every woman is interested. The evils it labors to remedy, are those which lie the foundation of the misery of thousands of Its efforts are directed not only the sin of licentiousness, but against in perance, with which it is usually connected, temptations which surround our children, on the part of every mother, both ledge and wisdom, that they may be en to guard, warn and direct the minds of under their care, both male and female, they may train them rightly, not only for benefit of the individual, but for that of ty. This Association has been quietly its labors for six years. It can never to the public its work, for its opera require the greatest privacy. It can say, Here is a reformed woman; its ob to blot out the memory of the past, and place the individual on the merits of the Three hundred and six women have inmates of the institution, many of whom now filling respectable stations, with every of future usefulness. Every one thus from a life of profligacy, and placed respectable position, becomes from a curse blessing to society, and in individual hearts we see the fruits of the labors of this

Rev. Zelotes Fuller, will preach in the Universalist Chapel, Chesapeake City, Mary on Sunday, the 16th instant, at the usual

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The advices from San co are to the 16th of last month. Apart political matters, the news is rather un The Democrats had carried the by "from four to ten thousand majority" tty large gap in the estimate, that. Big however, runs behind the ticket, and has about a thousand majority. The Legisla largely Democratic in both branches.

Garrison, the Democratic candidate for of San Francisco, was elected with the Democratic city and county ticket; and ople of San Francisco have adopted the Charter.

Governor Lane, of Oregon, and Lieut. Alden Allen,) of the Army, have both been ed in an engagement with the Indians, severely. The battle occurred on the August, in Rogue River Valley. Ninety and about 250 Indians were engaged. skirmish lasted four hours, when the In Sam, proposed an armistice, which Ten Indians were killed and thirty while of the whites there were three and eight wounded. Among the killed Capt. Armstrong. The Indians continued ravages at other points.

gence from Rogue River announces the cessation of Indian hostilities, in conse of a treaty having been made by Gen. with several of the hostile tribes.

anniversary of the annexation of Cali was celebrated on the 9th by a military

discoveries of gold were being made and the miners were doing well.

ness in California was exceedingly dull. is little change in prices.

attempt was made at San Francisco on 12th, to sell the State's interest in the wa lots, in contempt of the injunction from the reme Court.

One of the water lots was struck off to the der, when Mr. Selover, the auctioneer, and whole Board of Commissioners, were ar and held in heavy bail to answer for the mpt.

express box, belonging to Messrs. Adams containing $25,000 in specie, was stolen the stage between Sonora and Stockton.

G. W. Duvall, formerly of Maryland, had shot dead in a street fight with S. J. at Sacramento.

H. C. Gilts was also seriously wounded fracas with Charles R. Drew, at San Fran

Star of the West brings 509 passengers, 800,000 in gold, on freight, besides $500, the hands of her passengers.

CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA.—The ent City arrived on the 10th, bringing five red passengers, and a million in specie, among her treasure $40,000 of Aus gold, per Adams & Co.'s Express, being first shipment from that country by the Cali route.

ealth of the Isthmus was good, and the very pleasant. The news from the was otherwise unimportant.

AUSTRALIA.—The Crescent City brings Aus dates to the 20th of July, which had received at Panama. The miners in Aus were agitating a reduction in the license Large meetings had been held, at which in attendance were armed to the teeth. excitement prevailed, and it was feared difficulties would ensue.

ch discoveries of gold had been made, mining intelligence was favorable.

VALPARAISO.—Valparaiso dates to the 1st of mber, have also been received. The mar ere dull except for flour, which was brisk 50.

arine Hayes was soon to complete her at the rate of $2,000 per night.

construction of a canal from Quillota to also had been undertaken.

papers give further particulars of the of affairs at the Chinchas, growing out of difficulty with the American ship De

Defiance, on going to sea, saluted the American vessels, and was fined. A se salute was then fired, which so enraged eruvian commander of the port, that he on board the Defiance with three boats, with armed men. After a severe encoun e Captain of the Defiance was seized and and then thrown into one of the boats, ich he was severely injured. The Pe Commander having taken possession of fiance, took her to Callao, and retained mmander in prison. Mr. Clay, the Ame Minister to Lima, forthwith chartered the steamship Bolivia, and went in her to to investigate the whole affair. He the result of his investigation in patch to Washington.

ness has become paralyzed throughout epublic of Bolivia.

most exciting stories have reached San de Borgia, of gold discoveries made on Amazon and Branch Rivers. The washings said to extend for 40 leagues, and 25 pounds precious metal were mentioned as the e of one man's labor.

PENNSYLVANIA AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The Agricultural Fair," as it is called, was, in very fine spectacle, and shows well for the Western emporium of the State. Though modestly called "Agricultural," it was, in fact, national exposition of every article of produc in the country. To be sure, there was a exhibition of horses, cattle, swine, sheep, together with every description of impro poultry, principally from China, and vege fruit and flowers to stock Paradise anew there were also exhibitions of manufac all domestic, of carpets, furniture, coaches, ware, bronze, iron, paper, looking-glasses, silks, cloth, &c., enough to fill the York Crystal Palace. And the whole was done unostentatiously, without a glass and without sending for the President United States and his Cabinet to enliven exhibition by their presence.

speechifying part of the exhibition was all that one may say it was entirely ne ted. The Hon. Mr. Breckenridge, of Ken y, was to have delivered the oration, but not make his appearance, and the other followed his example. But the text was re, from which they might have preached, was equally well interpreted by the audi generally. Pennsylvanians prefer acting king, so that the missing orators were missed, and the joy of all uninterrupt silence commanded by the speakers. thirty or forty thousand people were on grounds, and I do not remember a more pic in my life. The spot was well covering some twenty acres, which filled by exhibitors and spectators. was a fine band of music on the ground, the utmost order and propriety went hand with the most unaffected hilarity.— of Ledger.

GAS.—Mr. E. R. Brisach, of Augs Germany, who recently arrived at New in the steamship Washington, is the eman who has been spoken of by the Ame press as about to come to this country for purpose of introducing his method for ma gas from wood. He claims that it is a economy of cost, and produces gas of a quality than that yielded by the present It is said that the cities of Basle, in erland, Heilbrun, in Wurtemburg, and in Bavaria, are already lighted with gas.

EXPENSIVE SUIT.—C. F. Field, an In of the London Detective Police, and original of "Inspector Bucket," of Dickens's House, it is stated, is now getting up evi in a property case, (involving £150,000, dating as far back as the American war,) will be tried in London in November witnesses are from the United States, In and the West Indies. Field's son is on at the Crystal Palace, in New York, on the out for English rogues.

INDIAN LANDS.—The National Intelligencer rns that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs had interviews, covering several days, with Otoes, Omahas, and Missouri Indians of the aha reservation on the Missouri, who express mselves willing to part with a portion of ir reservation to the Government for a con deration. After closing business with these bes the Commissioner, on the 17th ultimo, on his way southwardly.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Virginia farmer has introduced, successfully, a beautiful variety of wheat, called the White Mediterranean, from which he has obtained the extraordinary yield of forty-two bushels to the acre.

CHICKEN FEVER.—W. K. Gillmore, of Utica, N. Y., sold last week, to a citizen of Rochester, five "Brama Pootra" spring chickens for $50. That is coming up to the scratch, and then jumping over into the bargain.

DIRTY MONKS.—Some 1,000 acres of land have recently been purchased in Iowa, on which a colony of monks have settled. Among their peculiar habits may be mentioned that they never mingle with the world, and when they put on a new suit of clothes, that suit is kept on, waking or sleeping, till it falls off or becomes unfit for wear.

POOR PAY AND POOR PREACH—PERHAPS.—The average salaries of pastors and stated supplies, in New Hampshire, during the last year, i. e., from August to August, was $377. Low as this is, it is 14 per cent. higher than it was ten years ago. The average salaries of pastors of self-supporting churches is $503.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN NEW JERSEY.—The Newark Mercury says that single women, who were freeholders, voted in New Jersey as late as the year 1800. In a newspaper of that date is a complimentary editorial to the female voters, for unanimously supporting John Adams for President, in opposition to Mr. Jefferson.

A THIRD SET OF TEETH.—Humphrey Powell, aged 75, residing in Marion, S. C., has a new set of front teeth, both in the upper and lower jaws, in every place where the old teeth had rotted out or been extracted. Thirty-two years ago, he states, he lost some of his teeth, and others at intervals since that time. The number of new teeth which he has cut is seven, being the number of front teeth which he has lost. They made their appearance only a few weeks ago.

SUSPENSION OF IMPORT DUTIES.—Information has been received at the State Department, from the United States Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle, that in accordance with an understanding between the States of Zoll-Verein, the collection of import duty on corn, pulse, flour and other products of the mill, viz: bruised and shelled grains, hulled barley, grits and groats, pounded or hulled millet, was suspended on the 15th of September, and will continue to be till the end of the year 1853.

THE FRENCH NAVY.—At the latest accounts from France the greatest activity prevailed in the marine department. When the present equipments at the Navy Yards are completed, it is said that France will have afloat a more powerful navy than at any former period of her history. Before a year shall have elapsed, according to the present arrangements, fifty ships of the line and fifty frigates, and most of them with auxiliary steam. The sum voted for the Navy Yards the present year is 25,000,000 francs.

Mr. Charles Dickens has promised to read one or more of his Christmas works during next Christmas week, for the benefit of the Literary and Scientific Institute at Birmingham. The books selected are "The Christmas Carol" and "The Cricket on the Hearth;" and one of the nights will be specially set aside for the working classes, it being intended that on that night the prices of admission shall be very low, and that arrangements shall be made to ensure the benefit of those low prices to persons of the working class.

A new traveller to the Dead Sea, M. De Sauley, gives an entirely *fresh* description of this famous water. He affirms that so far from finding it as most persons have represented it, it was "a splendid lake, glittering in the sunshine, with its blue waves gently breaking on the sands of the softest beach." He also saw a flock of wild ducks sporting on its waters, and observed beautiful insects on the gravelly beach.

John Fisher, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of Westminster, Maryland, on Thursday of last week, liberated four of his slaves and gave them an outfit of nearly $1,000. They moved to the neighborhood of Hanover, Pennsylvania, where, it is said, they have purchased land. Mr. Fisher has but two slaves left, and they have positively refused to take their free papers and leave for the free States, begging of their master to let them stay with him.

A young nobleman, celebrated for his Herculean strength and rashness, has made a voyage from Venice to Trieste alone, standing on two planks four feet long, by one foot wide, and four inches thick, fastened by an iron clasp and without any other help than a pole. He arrived at Trieste, seventy miles from Venice, safe and sound, having gained his wager.

The shares in the Crystal Palace speculation declined 10 per cent. on the morning of the 6th instant. They are now quoted at 65, the lowest point yet, and the tendency is still downward.

Three hundred liquor dealers were brought up and fined, in the New York Sessions recently, for selling spirituous liquors without a license. The prisoners for the most part were natives of Ireland, Germany, and Holland, and proprietors of some of the very worst haunts of vice which infest the city. Among them were a number of women. Some of the worst of the offenders were sent to prison.

APPLICATIONS FOR BANKS.—The applications for new banks to be made to the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, exceed in amount of capital *seven millions* of dollars, and for recharters and extension of capital, over *six millions*—together, about *thirteen and three quarter millions* of dollars! This, under the rule of banking, will form a basis for currency and bank credits to the amount of some fifty millions of dollars. "The good time coming" we think cannot be far off. Every man will soon be worth a fortune—*on paper.*

The guano islands of Peru are proving to be richer than had been expected. Great discoveries of guano had been made in the interior of the islands, and the supply is said to be inexhaustible. A Government commission has been sent to examine the extent of the guano deposites on the Chincha Islands. Senor Elias, an Ex-President of Peru, and at present the contractor for loading the guano ships at those islands, has been seized and imprisoned in consequence of having published some attacks on the President; and it is also said that he was discovered shipping one thousand stand of arms to the islands.

A singular incident occurred on the occasion of the recent collision between the Paris and Bordeaux Railway. The conductor whose place was in the luggage van, on hearing the noise of the approaching train, opened the sliding door, and put his head out to see what was the matter. At that moment the trains came in collision, the sliding door was violently slammed to, and decapitated him as neatly as a guillotine. His head rolled down the embankment, while his body remained in the van.

GERMAN COLONY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A German colony has been for a couple of years settled in Pickens District, South Carolina, on a tract of 20,000 acres of land which it has purchased in common, to be divided among the several families of the community. Houses have been erected and a village laid out, named "Walhalla," and schools and churches have been instituted; and, according to the Charleston Standard, it is "one of the most beautiful specimens of primitive society to be met with in any country. Such a thing is, of course, a novelty in South Carolina, where it appears to have occasioned a deal of talk as to the result of the movement, the everlasting negro question being at the bottom of the discussion. The propriety of encouraging foreign immigration is doubted by the papers of the interior; and it seems that when the settlement was first made, the native Carolinians in the vicinity were violently prejudiced against the Germans. This prejudice has, however, been dissipated, and property is rising in value all about them. One reason for the change may be found in the following extract, which we cull from a long communication on the subject in the Standard:

It has been objected to the immigrant that he is an enemy to our peculiar institutions. That such is very far from being the case, is proved every day by the actions of the adopted citizens, who become slave owners as soon as they can spare the means. And more especially in regard to the German settlement; one of the great objects of their union being to assist such of their members as have not immediately the power, to purchase a family of slaves.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A telegraphic article from Washington, under date of October 4th, says:

"The Secretary of the Department of the Interior, yesterday, received a letter from Colonel Wynkoop, the Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, stating that three of the Deputies were on the point of being arrested on a State warrant, charging them with riotous and illegal conduct in the execution of a warrant from Justice Grier, of the United States Supreme Court, for the arrest of a negro claimed as a fugitive slave by John Keith, of Virginia. The Marshal asks authority to employ counsel and incur the necessary expenses for defending the suit.

"The Secretary immediately replied by telegraph, directing him to lose no time in consulting the District Attorney and taking any measures for defence he might deem necessary, assuring him that the Department and the whole Government are determined, at all hazards, and at any cost, to carry out the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law."

THE KOSZTA CASE.—A letter from Vienna, received by the America, and directed to a gentleman in New York, it is said, contains the following information:

The Austrian Government has given its consent to the liberation of Koszta, with the understanding that he should be immediately put on board an American vessel and go directly to the United States. It was known that Mr. Marsh had proposed an arrangement of that kind to Baron Bruck, and the Austrian Government is said to have given its consent partly because it relieves the French Consul General from the disagreeable engagement to keep Koszta, which he had undertaken for the purpose of saving the city of Smyrna and the shipping in the harbor from immediate destruction. The Austrian Government, in consenting to this arrangement, has expressly reserved its right in case Koszta should return to Turkey, to arrest him, and also considers him still an Austrian subject as long as he shall not be divested of his native nationality in a regular and lawful way.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The latest national statistics of crime are found in the abstracts of the Seventh Census. From that it appears that the whole number of persons convicted of crime in the United States, for the year ending June, 1850, was about 27,000; of these, 13,000 were natives, (including colored prisoners,) and 14,000 foreign born. By the same authority, and to the same date, we are informed that our population was composed of 17,737,505 natives of its soil; 2,210,828 born in foreign countries, and 39,014 whose nativity could not be determined. While we have, therefore, but about one foreign resident to nine native whites, there is a fraction over one foreign born criminal to every native, including black and white. Such was the ratio of crime in 1850, and there is no reason to suppose it has materially changed since that time.

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW YORK.—The Whig State Convention was harmonious. Hon. Washington Hunt was chosen President of the Convention, after which the Convention proceeded to ballot, and selected the following candidates: E. W. Leavenworth, Secretary of State; J. M. Cook, Comptroller; Ogden Hoffman, Attorney General; Cornelius Gardiner for Canal Commissioner; Thomas Kirkpatrick, Superintendent of State Prison; John T. Clarke, State Engineer; Benjamin T. Harwood, Clerk of the Court of Appeals; George Wood and Joseph Mullen, Judges.

The Convention adopted only two local resolutions, and, after several speeches were made, adjourned *sine die*. The ticket, we believe, comprises both "Silver Greys" and "Woolly Heads."

DEFINING HIS POSITION.—The Boston correspondent of the New York Evening Post, in alluding to the Gubernatorial nominee of the National Democrats in Massachusetts, says:

"Mr. Wales is well known in this State, though some misapprehensions exist as to his position. He has been supposed to be a 'true democrat,' but he disclaims this title. Some one said to him the other day: 'Mr. Wales, I believe you are a real democrat.' '*Brandy, sir, brandy*,' said the doctor, correcting him."

AN EXCELLENT REASON.—The Skowhegan Clarion says that a Whig, of Madison, voted for Mr. Pilsbury for Governor of Maine, because, he said, he had an apple tree which bore an excellent apple called the Pilsbury apple, and so he thought Mr. Pilsbury must be an excellent man, and accordingly voted for him. We question whether that was not a better reason, that is included in the common cry—"support the regular nominations."

A DESIRABLE REFORM.—It has been mentioned that, by an Act recently passed by the Parliament of Great Britain, no election polls are hereafter to be opened at taverns, hotels, public houses, &c., or in any booth, hall, &c., directly communicating therewith, unless by consent of all the candidates, expressed in writing. It would have been a great deal better if the latter provision had been entirely omitted; yet even thus clogged, this reform is deserving of special admiration as being a bold step in the right direction. In this country, where we have such earnest temperance reformations at intervals, it is strange that we have not had this excellent enactment adopted long ago. It is surely a reform which commends itself to the good sense of every sober, intelligent, and independent citizen; and if adopted, would be attended with immediate good effect, such as avoiding much disorder and rowdyism, rendering the polls less liable to be surrounded by crowds of persons not voting, and enabling aged and quiet persons to obtain access to the polls more easily in order to vote. It is very desirable also that our political ward and Committee meetings should in like manner be removed from taverns, where they are now almost universally held, by which means a better attendance of disinterested citizens might be secured.—*North American.*

THE HUNKERS AND BARNBURNERS.—A SPECIAL EDICT FROM WASHINGTON.—The following is Secretary Guthrie's famous letter to the New York Hunkers. It is directed to Collector Bronson:—

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 3, 1853.

"Dear Sir—Since the conversation we had upon the subject of the unfortunate division in the Democratic party in New York, I feel more and more convinced that the present disorganization cannot fail to endanger the success of the principles of the party there, and to prove injurious elsewhere. But the separation is effected. A conviction has forced itself on my mind, that by Democrats pledged to each other upon a common platform of principles the division could and ought to have been prevented.

"You are aware that the principles of the Baltimore Convention, and the policy intimated in the Inaugural Address, the President and his constitutional advisers stand pledged to before the world. They have been and are united as one man upon these principles and that policy, and had reason to believe that all gentlemen who consented to accept office under the Administration stood pledged to the same principles and policy.

"As the President understands the principles avowed as the platform of the party at Baltimore, all Democrats who joined in upholding and carrying out the same, were entitled to be recognised as worthy of the confidence of the united party, and consequently eligible to official station.

"That all could not obtain office was manifest, and that the distribution could not be exactly equal amongst the different sections of the party was equally certain. Yet the distribution was intended to be so made as to give just cause of complaint to no one section, and it is believed that this intention has been carried out not only by the President himself, but by most of his appointees, in respect to the offices under the latter.

"It has so happened that your appointments have been very generally made from that portion of the party to which you adhere. This you thought best calculated to secure union and harmony. That desirable object has failed to be obtained, and the other portion of the party feel that they have not been fully recognised by you, and, as things now stand, may not do justice to your motives. I call your attention to this subject, and to the fact that the President and his Cabinet, with entire unanimity, recognise that portion of the party as Democrats distinctly avowing and firmly maintaining the principles of the Baltimore platform, and entitled to be recognised by appointment to official stations in your department. Allow me to express the expectation that you will so recognise them in the only way that will carry conviction with it.

"I have not hitherto deemed it necessary to make any particular inquiry as to the section of the Democratic party to which persons nominated for positions in the Custom-House at New York belonged prior to the reunion of the party in 1849; which reunion was supposed to have been thoroughly cemented in the great and triumphant contest in 1852. But as the present excited state of feeling among political friends who acted together in 1852, and who now stand unequivocally upon the same platform of principles in New York, is suggestive of a discrimination of which the Administration will not approve. I shall send a copy of this letter to the Naval Officer and the Surveyor of the Port, in order that there may be no misapprehension as to the policy which the President will require to be pursued.

"I am, very respectfully,
"JAMES GUTHRIE.

"G. C. BRONSON, Esq., Collector, N. York."

Copies of the above letter were sent to the Naval Officer and Surveyor, with the following note:

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 3, 1853.

"Dear Sir—I enclose herewith a copy of a letter this day addressed to the Hon. G. C. Bronson. It will explain itself, and show you what the President expects in relation to the distribution of patronage in the respective offices of the New York Custom-House, to which you will conform your action in any future nominations you may have occasion to make.

"I am, very respectfully,
"JAMES GUTHRIE."

GEORGIA.—In 65 counties, Jenkins, the Union candidate for Governor, has 900 majority, a gain of 2,500 votes. The voting has been close. Johnson, Dem., is however, probably elected by a few hundred votes.

BALTIMORE, October 9th.—The Charleston Mercury, of Friday, says Johnson, (Dem.) is elected Governor by 1,000 majority. The Union has a despatch from Charleston, announcing the election of Johnson. Five Democrats and two Whigs are reported elected to Congress. One doubtful.

LIBEL SUIT.—The suit brough by Archbishop Hughes against the proprietors of the Episcopal Recorder, of Philadelphia, the Bulletin says, is on account of a communication they published, which stated that Archbishop Hughes had officiated as Bishop at Gibraltar; that he had been incarcerated in the Moorish Castle for refusing to account for some church funds; that he emerged from prison to fly to this country, &c. In reply to this it is stated that the Archbishop never exercised any ecclesiastical function at Gibraltar, never was tried or imprisoned there, and finally, *never was at Gibraltar in his life.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 165—Adults 78 and children 87.

Strong Testimony in favor of Dr. Hoofland's celebrated GERMAN BITTERS, prepared by Dr JACKSON, No. 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia; the great remedy for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, &c.

Hatch & Broomall, West Chester, Pa., 1850 said: "The general satisfaction expressed by those who have used Hoofland's German Bitters, is perhaps unparalleled, some think it worth its weight in gold."

Abel Turrell, Montrose, Pa., Feb. 7, 1852, said: "Your German Bitters have gone off very rapidly. I have sold about half a dozen to a very respectable Baptist Clergyman of my acquaintance, who attributed his restoration to health to the use of these Bitters."

C. B. Lathrop, Tunkhannock, Pa., May 25 1851, said: "Almost any number of certificates can be obtained from some of the best men in this section as to the efficacy of the German Bitters, should it be deemed advisable. It is a medicine that emphatically recommends itself, and in every instance has produced a good report."

A. B. Kaufman, Lancaster, April 30, 1850, said: "I have been for a series of years afflicted with Dyspepsia, Inactivity of the Liver, and Nervous Debility. My mental powers have been so reduced as to render me quite unfit for the transaction of any kind of business. After consulting many eminent physicians, and using their prescriptions, and after using the most popular remedies of the day, supposed to be applicable to my case, I always failed to have a permanent relief. A friend, with much persuasion induced me to try a bottle of your celebrated Bitters. I have used one bottle, and this day commenced the second. I can, with cheerfulness, state that it has happily improved me. My appetite and spirits have astonishingly improved, and I begin to feel as though I had grown (suddenly) ten years younger; and really, I am almost prepared to say that I now consider myself calculated for any business, while, ten days ago, I would have as soon undertaken to square the circle as to have attempted it."

For sale by respectable dealers in medicine everywhere. 1t

NOTHING HAS EVER BEEN DISCOVERED

That can take the place, or in any way compare with the great original COMPOUND SYRUP of WILD CHERRY of DR. SWAYNE. It will soothe and allay all irritation of the Throat, Breast or Lungs, enrich and purify the blood, give strength and vigor to the whole constitution, and we have ample testimony that it has frequently cured the most aggravated cases of Consumption, after all other means proved ineffectual. Its soothing action on the mucous lining of the throat, renders it extremely desirable, where the patient is troubled with a rising or tickling in the throat, cough, &c. Use no "Cherry" preparation but "Swayne's," warranted the "original and only genuine." Prepared under the immediate care of Dr. Swayne, No. 4 North 7th St., Philadelphia, and for sale by his authorized agents everywhere. 1t

SMALL POX

Generally begins with languor and weariness, chilliness and vomiting, soreness of the throat, great thirst, and many other unpleasant complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found the very best medicine in the world for the cure of Small Pox, because they cleanse the body from those poisonous humors which are the cause of small pox and other eruptive complaints. From three to six of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, make a perfect cure of the above dangerous complaint, and the blood and other fluids will be restored to a state of purity.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from pedlars. We understand that a man by the name of HIESTAND, and another by the name of SINES, are offering what purports to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. These persons are not authorized agents for this medicine, and the article offered cannot be guaranteed as genuine.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

HATCHIE, THE GUARDIAN SLAVE; OR, LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND IN THE SOUTH WEST. A novel of very thrilling interest, and full of life incidents—of about 400 pages—just published and for sale at all book stores. Price 50 cents. Copies sent, postage-paid, on receipt of fifty cents.

Address, R. B. FITTS & Co., "Am. Union" Office, Boston, Mass.
1t*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA Oct 8, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been rather less activity in the market during the past week, and the weather has been quite cool. Cotton has been inactive, and prices of the lower grades are in favor of buyers.—The stock is small, particularly of the finer qualities. Breadstuffs have been unsettled in consequence of the favorable advices from Europe by the Baltic, America and Arabia, and prices of Flour, Rye Flour, Wheat and Corn have advanced. In Domestic and Foreign Dry Goods there is a fair trade doing for the season. Coal continues to meet an active inquiry, both for shipment and city use, and prices have an upward tendency. Iron is in good demand, but there is very little stock here to operate in. Lead is held for a further advance. Lumber is dull—the active season being about over. Groceries have been very quiet, and the sales are on a very restricted scale. In Provisions also there has been but a small business doing. Prices, however, are firm for all descriptions, and the stock is exceedingly small. Rice remains without change. Salt has been arriving freely. In Seeds there is a steady business doing at former rates. In Tobacco and Wool there is no new feature to present. Freights are firmer, both to foreign and coastwise ports.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week show a slight falling off as compared with those of the former one. The market has been unsettled under the favorable advices from Europe, by the America, Baltic and Arabia, and holders have again succeeded in realizing an advance of full 50a75c per bbl. The week's sales for export comprise about 18,000 bbls at $6,50a6,87½ for fresh ground, and 100 bbls to-day at $7, closing at the latter rate, including 800 barrels old stock reinspected at $6,75, 1,400 bbls Western and Pennsylvania extra at $6,75 a7,25, and 3,000 bbls sour $6. There has been a fair inquiry for the supply of the retailers and bakers at $6,87a7 for common and good brands at $7,25a7,62½ for extra, as in quality. Rye Flour is in demand and prices have materially advanced. Sales of 600 bbls at $4,75a5 per bbl. At the close the market was nearly bare. Corn Meal has been attracting more attention, and about 2,500 bbls fresh ground were disposed of at $3,50, including some at $3,75, and condemned at $3. To day holders ask $4.

GRAIN—There has been an active demand for Wheat during the past week, and prices have advanced 10 to 15c per bushel; sales of 30,000 bushels, principally for export, at $1,38a1 42 for good and prime red: $1,31a1,40 for Southern white, and $1,40 a1,34 for Pennsylvania white, closing at our highest quotations. The bulk of the sales were of the latter description for export. Rye is in demand for distilling; 1,500 bushels sold at 85a86c. Corn has been in active request, and 15a16,000 bushels yellow sold at 80a82c, afloat, and some white at 78c. To-day 500 bushels yellow sold at 84c, afloat, and 85c in store. There has been but few Oats arriving; sales of Southern at 38a42c, and Pennsylvania at 44c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork has been limited, but prices have an upward tendency. Small sales of Mess at $17,50 per barrel, now held at $18. Nothing doing in Prime. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores at $16 50. Bacon is scarce and prices are firm. Sales of Hams at 12a15c; Sides 8¼ a8½c, and Shoulders at 8c per lb, 4 mos. The latter were mostly taken for the South. Lard—The stock is extremely small. Small sales of bbls at 12c per lb, 4 mos. There are no kegs here. Butter sells at 13½ to 15c per lb. In Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is a fair demand for the supply of the near trade, and prices are steady for all descriptions.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron Bark is small and holders are generally firm at $25 per ton, but no sales have come under our notice.

BEESWAX—The demand is limited. Small sales of yellow at 28a28½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices are steady at 30a32 cts per lb for Sperm, and 21a25c per lb for Adamantine, as in quality.

COAL—The demand continues active for the supply of the Eastern market at $4,25 per ton for White Ash, and $4,50a4,60 for Red Ash by the cargo. The recent cool weather has also caused more inquiry for city consumption, and the retailers have put up their prices to $5,50. Coal freights have advanced. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 17½a18c per bushel.

COFFEE—Another import of 3,703 bags Rio has arrived since our last notice and been disposed of on private terms. The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 800 bags Rio at 10½a11c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Is dull, and the sales have been only in small lots at our last quotations.

COTTON—The market has been exceedingly quiet during the past week. The demand has been limited, and mostly confined to the lower grades, of which the stock is extremely small. The lower qualities are dull, and prices rather drooping; sales of 700 bales at 9½a12c for Upland, and 10a13 cts for New Orleans.

On the growing crop Mr. W. P. Wright's circular of this date says—"We have had very numerous and general complaints of the crop from all sections of the Cotton-growing region during the past week, and the prevailing opinion here and at the South, appears to be that it must fall short of the last, to what extent depends in a great measure on the time of a killing frost. The latest accounts from the extreme South represent the weather as having become unseasonably cold, which tends to retard the maturing of the already backward crop, and renders its position more critical in the event of an early frost."

Vessels ld'g U S this year for G B, 35, France 34—59
" " last year " 47 " 9—56
" " year previous 34 " 16—50
Expt fm U S to G Br'n since 1st Sept last, 31,000
" " same time in 1852, 22,000
" " same time in 1851, 21,000
Total export from the U S since 1st Sept last 40,000
" " same time in 1852, 28,000
" " same time in 1851, 30,000
Re'pts at pri'pal p'ts of U S since 1st Sept last 35 000
" " same time in 1852, 85,000
" " same time in 1851, 75,000

"The following is a statement of the movement in Cotton since the 1st of Sept. last, as compared with the previous two years:

	1853.	1852.	1851.
Receipts at the ports,	35,000	85,000	75,000
Exports to Gt. Brit'n.	31,000	22,000	21,000
" France.	1,000	3,000	8,000
" other foreign ports,	8,000	3,000	1,000
Total Exports,	40,000	28,000	30,000
Stock on hand,	98,000	100,000	116,000

Of which during the past week, included in the above.

	1853.	1852.	1851.
Receipts at the ports,	17,000	38,000	31,000
Ex'ts to G. Britain,	6,000	6,000	5,000
" France,		1,000	3,000
" other foreign ports,	3,000	1,000	—
Total Exports,	9,000	8,500	7,000

From which it will be seen that the decrease in receipts now amounts to 50,000 bales. The increase in exports to Great Britain, 9,000 bales. Other foreign ports, 5,000 bales. Decrease to France, 2,000. Total increase in exports, 12,000 bales.

DRUGS AND DYES—There is a fair business doing, and prices of Cream Tartar and Argols continue to have an upward tendency. Sales of Soda Ash at 2½a3c; Cream Tartar at 27a28c, Copperas at 1¼c, and Argols at 25a27c per lb.

FEATHERS—The market is nearly bare. Small sales of good Western at 50a51c per lb, cash.

FISH—The receipts and stocks of Mackerel continue small, and prices tend upward. Sales of large No 1 from store at $18 per bbl. No 2 $16, and No 3 at $9,75a10. Sales of small Fish, which are scarce, at 50c to $1 per bbl less. No sales of Codfish or Herring have been reported.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet, owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Prices are steady for all descriptions.

GINSENG—Is but little inquired after, and no sales have been reported.

GUANO—A cargo has arrived from the Chincha Islands, which is selling from the vessel at $44 per ton.

HEMP—The stock is small and prices firm, but no further sales have transpired.

HIDES—An import of 3,600 Porto Cabello, to arrive, sold for a neighboring market on private terms.

HOPS are lower. Sales at 30a37c per lb for old and new first sort, with a downward tendency.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but the sales have been limited.

IRON—The stock of Pig Metal is extremely small, and prices tend upward. Sales of 3a4,000 tons Forge at $35, 6 mos, and Scotch Pig in lots at $36a37 per ton, from vessel, at the former quotation. Blooms are advancing, and sales have been effected at $80a85 per ton, 6 mos. Prices are firm for all descriptions of Manufactured Iron, and there is a good demand.

LEAD—The stock of Galena is small and prices firmer; 1,000 pigs sold at 7c per lb cash. Considerable purchases have been made in New York for this market at 6¾c per lb, cash.

LEATHER—The demand continues good for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and prices tend upward.

LUMBER—The market is inactive; sales of Southern Yellow Pine Step Boards at $14a15 per M feet, and Spruce Joist at $15. Laths sell in lots at $3, and Pickets at $8a9,50 per M.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 1st inst. 1,486,927
Previously 37,760,653

Total this season 39,247,570

MOLASSES—The stock is light, and the market has been very quiet since our last notice. Sales of Cuba Muscovado at 23a24c, and N. Orleans at 35a36c.

NAVAL STORES—Small sales of Rosin at $1,65 per bbl for common, and 1,000 bbls fine at $3,75. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine has advanced. Sales of 600 bbls at 76 up to 78c, closing at 73a75c, cash and on time.

OILS—Crude Whale Oil is in good demand from store at 60a62c, and Sperm at $1,25a1,30 per gallon. In Lard Oil no change. Linseed Oil is in limited request. Small sales at 65a67c.

The following are the imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United States for the week ending Oct. 3, 1853:

New Bedford	Bbls sp.	Bbls wh.	Lb. bone.
Barque Tropic Bird	250	100	900
" Sea Fox	340		
" do on freight	36		
" Smyrna	800		
" Osceola	175	15	
Provincetown			
Schr E. Nickerson	140	100	
Total	1,751	215	900
Previously	82,977	255,974	5,079,905
From Jan 1 to date	84,728	256,189	5,080,705
Same time last year	65,120	79,397	1,246,000

PLASTER—Continues in fair request, and several imports of Soft sold at $1.25 per ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited. Sales at 3¾a4¼c per lb, as in quality.

SALT—The receipts have been large, amounting to 26,000 sacks Liverpool Ground, and 6,000 bushels Turks Island, all of which was previously contracted for on private terms.

SEEDS—Cloverseed comes in very slowly, and commands $5,25a5.50 per 64 lbs: Timothy is in fair request at $3a3,37½ per bushel. The market continues bare of Flaxseed. An import of Calcutta has arrived, which was previously disposed of.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy continue to have an upward tendency, and there is a good demand. In Gin no change. Whiskey has been in steady demand at 31a32½c in bbls; in dark pigs at the former rate; 31c in hhds, and 29c for drudge.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet during the past week, but prices are steadily maintained.—Sales of 3a400 Cuba, Porto Rico and New Orleans within the range of 4½a6c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—There is a fair inquiry at 10½a11c per lb for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and there has been a fair inquiry.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the demand has been limited.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—There has been a moderate inquiry for Wool since our last notice, and prices are steadily maintained. The week's sales amount to 30,000 lbs at 33 up to 48c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—A vessel was chartered for Liverpool at 3s 3d per bbl. The steamer was filled up at 3s 6d for Flour, and 11d for Grain, but to-day 4s is asked for Flour, and 12d for Grain. A vessel was chartered for Belfast on private terms. To California the rate is 60c per foot. To the South the rates are lower. Colliers are in demand at $2 per ton to Boston; $1,70 to Rhode Island, and $1,10a1,15 to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 20 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	109½	—	Kensington	69½	70
" '62	117½	—	P Township	34	36
" '67	120¼	—	Girard	13½	13½
" '68	122½	—	Western	72	73
" 5s '53	100	—	Man & Mechs	30½	31
" '65	100	—	Bk of Com	66	66½
July Interest off			Camden N J	30½	60
Philada 6s	104	104½	Germantown	61	—
" 5s	96½	97	Trent Bk Co	30	—
" 6s (new)	103	103½	Pitt'bg Bk	57	57½
County 5s	93	93½	M & M Pitts	57½	58
Penna 6s	100	—	Exchange, P'tts	77	—
" 5s	94½	94½	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	100	—	Louis, Ky	110	111
Tennessee 5s	91	91½	Kentucky Bk	113	114
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	112½	113½
Cincinnati 6s	101	—	Union, Ten	90½	90½
TexasT Notes	47	50	Plant's, Ten	93	94
" Bds 6s	65	70	Vicksburg	14	14½
Schuyl N 6s	79	79½	Com Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	96	97	N O Gas Bk	120	125
" Int Loan	94	94½	Schuyl Nav	20½	21
" Mort 6s	100½	101	" pref'd	29½	29½
C & D C'l 6s	91	92	Lehigh Nav	64	66
C & Am R bds	98	99	C & Del Cal	146	148
BeaMdw R 6s	96	90	Morris Cl	15½	17½
Susqueh Cl 6s	61	62	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	26
Norrist'n R 6s	56	—	Union Cl	13½	13½
Harris R 6s	99	100	Cam&Am R	147	148
Wil R 6s	94	94½	Penna R	45½	49
Read R 6s	83	84	Bea Mdw R	39½	40
" Mort 6s	91	91	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	3½	4	North Am Cl	17	18
N Amer Bk	150	152	Susqueh Cl	11½	13
Penna Bk	121	122	Norristown R	51	5[illegible]
Philadelphia	135	140	Harrisburg R	53½	54
Far & Mec	74½	75	Wilmington R	39½	40
Commercial	66	67	Reading R	41½	41½
N Liberty	70	—	Minehill R	67	68
Mechanics	32	32½	N Liberty Gas	25	25
Southwark	69	70	N W Min Co	—	25
			L'g Island RR	14½	14½

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $8 50 to 9 50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—They are selling from $7 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $8 to 15 for dry, $15 to 40 for fresh. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4 50; the latter from $1,50 to 3, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 8.

ASHES—The market unchanged; sales 50 bbls at $5.50 for Pearls and $5,87 for Pots.

COTTON—The market is dull and drooping. Sales 500 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—The Flour market rules in favor of the purchaser, with a moderate demand for export and home consumption. Prices are 6¼a12½c per brl lower. Sales of 17,000 brls at $6,75a6,87½ for common and straight State, and $6,81a6 94 for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana, and common to good Ohio. Included in the sales are 6,400 brls, to arrive in November, at $7. Canadian Flour in fair demand with sales of 1,200 brls at $7 for good, and $7 25 for extra. A moderate inquiry for Southern Flour with sales of 700 brls at $6,94a7 12½ for common to choice brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal without change and in moderate demand.

GRAIN—The Wheat market favors the buyer, with sales of 34,000 bushels White Michigan at $1,52a 155—the greater portion to arrive; 22,500 bush White Ohio at $1 46a 1 50, 13,500 White Canadian at $1,45a1,51½, and 2 000 bush handsome White Genessee at $1 60 and thereabouts. Rye is lower; 93c asked 92c offered. The Corn market is easier; sales of 41,000 bushels at 81a82c for Mixed Western, closing at the inside price; 86c for White Southern, and 88c for round yellow. Oats are better, with sales of State and Western at 48a51c.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is scarcely so firm, sales 800 bbls at $17a17,12½, and $13 62½a13.75 for prime. Beef firm; sales 400 bbls at $7.50a10 for country mess; $12a13 for city do., and $4 75a6 25 per prime; cut meat quiet; lard steady, sales 200 bbls at 11a11¼.

WHISKEY—Sales 300 bbls at 32c; Drudge is held at 31c, 6.m.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS,
No. 32½ South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Erie	1 dis
All other solv't Bks	par
Relief notes	½a1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Salem, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n, Mng Co	par
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Com Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	¼ dis
Newark	¼ dis
Morris co	¼ dis
Middletown Point	¼ dis
Orange	¼ dis
Belvidere	¼ dis
Rahway	¼ dis
Dover	¼ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury, Havre de Grace, Far & Millers	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par a ½ dis
Solvent co bks	½ dis
James bk	25 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far bk Onondaga	50 dis
MAINE	
Mercan bk Bangor	1½ dis
All other solv't bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent bks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis

CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Bk N Amst Seymour	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes,	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & brch's	½ dis
Far Bk & brch's	½ dis
Valley Bk & brch's	½ dis
Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	20 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk of Norwalk	50 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bk of Illinois	50 dis
State Bk do	70 dis
Good Free bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
East Tennessee	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Gov't Stock bk	1 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
All banks	uncertain
TEXAS.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	—

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G. P. & J. B. HUDSPETH.

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

ALMANAC.

Sept., 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
15 Saturday,	6 20	5 31	1 12	
16 Sunday,	6 21	5 30	1 50	
17 Monday,	6 22	5 28	2 25	
18 Tuesday,	6 23	5 27	3 0	D. H. M.
19 Wedn'day,	6 25	5 25	3 33	New 2 5 27
20 Thursday,	6 26	5 24	4 26	First 9 10 37
21 Friday,	6 27	5 23	5 26	Full 16 7 44
22 Saturday,	6 28	5 22	6 13	Last 25 12 34

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, D. D. OLIVER WHITAKER, of Manayunk, to ANNIE R. HAY, of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, Mr. S. C. FOWLE, to Miss EMILIE TEMPEST, both of this city.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. EDWARD KURTZ, to Miss REBECCA BROWN, all of Moyamensing.

On the 4th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Gilpin, JAMES WILLITS, of Philadelphia, to RACHEL C. daughter of Chalkley Atkinson, of Columbus, N. J.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Thos. J. Johnstone, WALTER C. QUINCY, Esq. of Baltimore, to Miss MARTHA R. GITHENS, of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Cooley, Mr. WILLIAM C. GITHENS, to Miss KATE MCLANE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, in the Fifteenth Presbyterian Church, of this city, by the Rev. C. Loudon, Mr. WILLIAM COOMBAND, to Miss ANNA ORR, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. at Camden, N. J. by the Rev. T. R. Taylor, Mr. JOHN H. WILLIAMS, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY A. DILLON, of Camden.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. G. Dixon Bowen, Mr. JOSEPH BUTTON to Miss MARTHA S. daughter of S. Keever, Esq. both of Germantown.

On the 24 March, by the Rev. Chas. Wadsworth, JOSEPH WETHERILL, to ANNIE E. daughter of Maj. P. Fritz, all of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. E. J. Soris, Mr. HENRY C. SCOTT, of Baltimore, to CAROLINE A. daughter of the late Capt. T. J. Baird, U. S. A.

On the 10th ult. at Calvary Church, Northern Liberties, by the Rev. Jos. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. JAMES S. EGGLESTON, to Miss MARTHA P. CALVERT.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. RICHARD CARTER, of Accomac county, Va. to Miss CHARLOTTE BIRD, of this city.

On the 4th ult. by the Rev. Jas. Sewell, Mr. JOHN CHAMBERS, to Miss MARY A. PHILLIPS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Wm. Urie, Mr. EDWIN R. FREDERICK, to Miss JENNY BAYGERMAN, all of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. ANN PASCAL, aged 70 years.
On the 5th inst. Mr. WILLIAM W. EDWARDS, aged 29 years.
On the 4th inst. Miss JANE H. BEALE, aged 47.
On the 4th inst. MATTHIAS CREAMER, aged 68.
On the 4th inst. EDWARD COUCHLY, aged 64.
On the 4th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Benj Cochran, aged 76 years.
On the 5th inst. RACHEL, wife of John Richmond, aged 36 years.
On the 4th inst. GEORGE, son of Elizabeth and the late Henry Thorp, aged 18 months.
On the 5th inst. SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Thos. J. and Hannah Stewart, aged 19 months.
On the 5th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Chas and Elizabeth Kerr, aged 24 months.
On the 5th inst. ELIZA, daughter of the late Thos Zane, aged 15 months.
On the 5th inst. MICHAEL MCCANE, aged 19 years.
On the 5th inst. MARY, wife of Patk. Fitzgerald, aged 34 years.
On the 5th inst. BENJAMIN GARTNER, son of John G. and Mary J. Bryant, aged 11 months.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. F. B. SAXEBAC, daughter of the late Nathaniel Fellowes, Esq. aged 41 years.
On the 4th inst. ROBERT HOWELL, aged 47 years.
On the 3d inst. ANNA MATILDA, daughter of Aaron A. and Mary P. Hurley, aged 18 years.
On the 4th inst. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, son of T. S. and Margaret M. Malcolm, aged 14 months.
On the 4th inst. Mrs. JULIA PARMENTIER, aged 84 years.
At Germantown, on the 3d instant, ALICE RIGGS, aged 5 years.
On the 4th inst. HARRIET J. BUCKLEY, aged 27.
On the 3d inst. Miss MARGARET MCCALLISTER, aged 72 years.
On the 3d inst. ERNEST POLEMANN, aged 56 years.
On the 4th inst. WILLIAM H. HOWITH, aged 13 months.
On the 4th inst. EDWARD WILLIAMS, son of John H. and Eliza S. Ford, aged 2 years.
At Norristown, on the 4th inst. JAMES CARDELL, aged 25 years.
On the 4th inst. JULIA RODGERS, wife of Bernard Brown, aged 40 years.
On the 2d inst. SUSANNAH, wife of Bernard Haney, aged 58 years.
On the 2d inst. Mrs. MARY KENNEY, aged 43.

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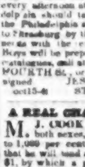

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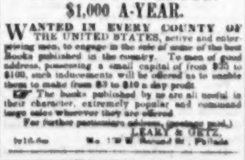

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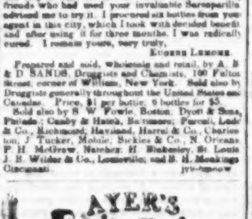

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Yours, respectfully,
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Selected Poetry.

THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A softening thought of other years,—
A feeling [illegible] to heave
When Life was all too bright for tears,—
And Hope came, wreath'd with flowers!
A memory of affection [illegible]—
[illegible] no more!—
[illegible] my spirit when I read
[illegible] of kindness o'er!

Oh, Mother!—in that early word,
What hopes and joys combine;
What [illegible] all, alas!—[illegible];
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet, never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly throngs oppress'd,
Learn we to prize that [illegible] home—
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose;—
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relax'd thy care:—
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

What filial kindness e'er repaid
Or could repay the past?—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd!
Regrets that [illegible] last!—
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er,
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold—
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old—
The days forever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
[illegible] in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—
True to her sacred cause,
[illegible] by that influence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same—
The Mother's lot as tried:
Then, oh! may Nations guard that name
With filial power and pride!

Selected Sketch.

IRISH DUELS.

FROM SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES.

My First Duel.—I was surprised one winter's evening at college, by receiving a written challenge, in the nature of an invitation, from Mr Daly, to fight him early the ensuing morning. I never had spoken a word to him in my life, and scarcely of him, and no possible cause of quarrel that I could guess existed between us: however, it being then a decided opinion that a first [illegible] of that nature could never be declined, I accepted the invitation without any inquiry; writing, in reply, that as to place, I chose the field of Donnybrook-fair as the fittest spot [illegible]. I had then to look out for a second, and resorted to a person with whom I was very intimate, and who, as he was a curious character, may be worth noticing. He was brother to the unfortunate Sir Edward Crosby, bart., who was *murdered* by a court martial at Carlow, May, 1798. My friend was afterward called "Balloon Crosby," being the first aeronaut who constructed a Hibernian balloon, and ventured to take a journey into the sky from Ireland. Crosby was of immense stature, being above six feet three inches high; he had a comely-looking, fat, ruddy face, and was, beyond all comparison, the most ingenious mechanic I ever knew. He had a smattering of all sciences, and there was scarcely an art or a trade of which he had not some practical knowledge. His chambers at college were like a general workshop for all kinds of artisans. He was very good-tempered, exceedingly strong, and as brave as a lion, but as dogged as [illegible]; nothing could change a resolution of his when once made, and nothing could check or resist his perseverance to carry it into execution. He highly approved of my promptness in accepting Daly's invitation, but I told him that I unluckily had no pistols, and did not know where to procure any against the next morning. This puzzled him: but on recollection, he said he had no complete pistols neither; but he had some *old locks, barrels and stocks*, which, as they did not originally belong to each other, he should find it very difficult to make anything of: nevertheless, he would fall to work directly. He kept me up till late at night in his chambers, to help him in filing the old locks and barrels, and endeavoring to patch up two or three of them so as to go off and answer that individual job. Various trials were made: much filing, drilling, and screwing were necessary. However, by two o'clock in the morning, we had completed three entire pistols, which, though certainly of various lengths, and of the most ludicrous workmanship, struck their fire *right well*, and that was all we wanted of them—symmetry, as he remarked, being of no great value upon *these* occasions. It was before seven o'clock on the 20th of March, with a cold wind and a sleety atmosphere, that we set out on foot for the field of Donnybrook-fair, after having taken some good chocolate, and a plentiful draught of cherry brandy, to keep the cold wind out. On arriving, we saw my antagonist and his friend, Jack Patterson, nephew to the chief justice, already on the ground. I shall never forget Daly's figure. He was a very fine looking young fellow, but with such a squint that it was totally impossible to say what he looked at, except his nose, of which he never lost sight. His dress (they had come in a coach) made me ashamed of my own: he wore a pea green coat, a large tucker with a diamond brooch stuck in it; a three-cocked hat with a gold buttonloop and tassels, and silk stockings; and a *couteau-de-chasse* hung gracefully dangling from his thigh. In fact, he looked as if already standing in a state of triumph, after having vanquished and trampled on his antagonist. I did not half like his steady position, showy surface, and [illegible] squint; and I certainly would rather have exchanged *two shots* with his [illegible] friend, Jack Patterson, than *one* with so [illegible] and overbearing an adversary. My friend Crosby, without any sort of salutation or prologue, immediately cried out, "Ground, gentlemen! ground, ground! damn measurement!" and placing me on his selected spot, whispered into my ear, "*Medio tutissimus ibis*—never look at the head or heels—*hip* the macaroni! the hip forever, my boy! hip! hip!"—when my antagonist's second, advancing and accosting mine, said Mr. Daly could not think of going any farther with the business, that he found it was totally a mistake on his part, originating through misrepresentation, and that he begged to say he was extremely sorry for having given Mr. Barrington and his friend the trouble of coming out, hoping they would excuse it and shake hands with him. To this arrangement, I certainly had no sort of objection; but Crosby, without hesitation, said: "We cannot do that *yet*, sir: I'll *show* you we *can't*: (taking a little manuscript book out of his breeches-pocket,) there's the *rules!*—look at that, sir," continued he, "see No. 7: 'No apology can be received *after* the parties meet, *without a fire*.' You see, there's the rule," pursued Crosby, with infinite self-satisfaction: "and a young man on his *first blood* cannot break rule, particularly with a gentleman so used to the sport as Mr. Daly. Come, gentlemen, proceed! proceed!" Daly appeared much displeased, but took his ground, without speaking a word, about nine paces from me. He presented his pistol instantly, but gave me most gallantly a full front. It being, as Crosby said, my first blood, I lost no time, but let fly without a single second of delay, and without taking aim: Daly staggered back two or three steps; put his hand to his breast, cried, "I'm hit, sir!" and did not fire. Crosby gave me a slap on the back which staggered me, and a squeeze of the hand which nearly crushed my fingers. We got round him; his waistcoat was opened, and a black spot, about the size of a crown piece, with a little blood, appeared directly on his breast-bone. I was greatly shocked: fortunately, however, the ball had not penetrated, but his brooch had been broken, and a piece of the setting was sticking fast in the bone. Crosby stamped, cursed the damp powder or undercharging, and calmly pulled out the brooch. Daly said not a word: put his cambric handkerchief, doubled, to his breast, and bowed. I returned the salute, extremely glad to get out of the scrape, and so we parted without conversation or ceremony; save that when I expressed my wish to know the cause of his challenging me, Daly replied that he would *now* give no such explanation, and his friend then produced his book of rules, quoting *No. 8*: "If a party challenged accepts the challenge without asking the reason of it, the challenger is never bound to divulge it afterward."

Some Recollections.—At an election for [illegible] County, between General Walsh and Mr. [illegible], of [illegible], about the year [illegible] A [illegible] gentleman [illegible] in the early part of the work—a boisterous, joking, fat, young fellow—was prepared [illegible] to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the [illegible] night [illegible] with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that *snoring* at a dining-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology. Frank, though he had been easily choked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could *snuff* a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means he might, perhaps, hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it. Hundreds of the town's people went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly measured; and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the muzzles of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments: he changed color, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-bellowed to them—"Blaze away, boys!" Skelton now recollected his instructions, and *lost no time*; he cocked *both* his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly. "Hollo!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered, by ——!" "The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol. One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knee, exclaiming, "Hollo! hollo! you bloodthirsty villain! do you want to take my life?" "Why, to be sure I do!" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I *stiffened* you, my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if he stayed till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted, but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting. Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked "why he ran away from the exciseman?" "Ough thonther!" said Skelton, with his chuckling brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcass? Would you have me stop to make a *riddle* of him, Jemmy?" The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field, to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done *all* that *honor* required. The second called him "*a coward!*" "By my sowl," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so! you may call me a coward if you please; but I did it all *for the best*." "The *best!* you blackguard!" "Yes," said Frank: "sure it's *better* to be a *coward* than a *corpse!* and I must have been either *one* or *t'other* of them." However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But, luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home: his first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous. The exciseman, determined on *having* Frank, as he called it, on his recovery challenged Skelton in his turn. Skelton accepted the challenge, but said he was *told* he had a right to choose his own weapons. The exciseman, knowing that such was the law, and that Skelton was no swordsman, and not anticipating any new invention, acquiesced. "Then," said Skelton, "for my weapons, I choose my *fists*; and, by the powers, you ganger, I'll give you such a *bating* that your nearest relations sha'n't know you." Skelton insisted on his right, and the exciseman not approving of this species of combat, got nothing by his challenge; the affair dropped, and Skelton triumphed.

OLD THINGS MADE NEW.

We see that an attempt is being made to revive the doctrine of "Transfusion." According to the advocates of this philosophy, the only reason men and other animals become debilitated, is because their blood has become old, and lacks vigor. To bring about perpetual youth, all that is required, they say, is to refurnish our system every now and then with young blood. The doctrine of transfusion took its rise shortly after Harvey demonstrated the circulation of the blood. This philosopher labored thirty years before he could induce the physicians of Europe to believe that blood had motion, and that the heart was made for some other purpose besides fluttering at the sight of a petticoat or chemisette. Harvey spent half a lifetime in making a truth popular, which required the labor of almost another life to prevent being carried to excess. The moment the circulation was admitted, a sort of delirium seems to have seized upon the profession: it was supposed that the means of curing all diseases, and rendering man immortal, were discovered. The causes of all our diseases were attributed to the blood. To cure them, therefore, nothing more was supposed to be required than to remove the bad blood, and to replace it with that which was pure, taken from a healthy animal.

The first attempts were made upon animals, and were very successful. A dog, having lost a large quantity of blood, received by transfusion the blood of a sheep, and was perfectly restored; another dog, old and deaf, recovered by these means the use of his hearing, and seemed to renew his youth. A horse, twenty-six years old, having received into his veins the blood of four lambs, acquired new vigor. The experiment of transfusion was now tried upon man. Denys and Emerez, the one a physician, and the other a surgeon, of Paris, were the first who made the attempt. They introduced into the veins of an insane young man, the blood of a calf, in a larger quantity than had been taken from him; he recovered his reason. A case of leprosy, and a quartan fever, were cured by these means, and many cases of transfusion were tried upon men in health, without any injurious results.

But some sad accidents soon calmed the general enthusiasm excited by these few successful experiments. The young man, soon after the experiment, became frantic; he was the second time subjected to transfusion, and soon died with a discharge of blood, and in a state of stupor. A prince of the blood royal having also fallen a victim to this practice, it was forbidden by the Parliament of Paris. A short time afterwards, G. Riva, having performed the operation of transfusion upon two individuals who died in Italy, the Pope forbade it. From that period, transfusion has been considered not only useless, but dangerous; but as it seems to have succeeded in some cases, it would be an interesting inquiry, for a person skilled in such experiments, to pursue the subject further.

Magendie, in speaking of the matter, says:

"I have had occasion to make a certain number of these experiments, but have never known any instance where the introduction of the blood of one animal into the veins of another was attended by any serious inconvenience, even when the quantity of blood thus introduced was much greater than before. But in order that the transfusion may be made without inconvenience, it is necessary that the blood should be passed immediately from the animal that gives to that which receives it. If the blood be first received into a vessel or syringe, and afterwards injected, it will be more or less coagulated, and often becomes the cause of death, by choking up the pulmonary vessels. All the experiments where this circumstance is not taken into account, have little value. I have seen the transfusion fail, and cause death, because the blood had to traverse a small tube two inches long, where it partly coagulated, before passing into the new circulation."

Gentlemanly.—People say he isn't gentlemanly; but when I see the style of man that is called gentlemanly, I see very glad he is not. All the solemn, pompous men who stand about like owls, and never speak, nor laugh, nor move as if they really had any life or feeling, are called "gentlemanly." Whenever Tabby says of a new man—"but then he is so gentlemanly," I understand at once. It is another case of the well-dressed wooden image. Good Heavens! do you suppose Sir Philip Sydney, or the Chevalier Bayard, or Charles Fox, were "gentlemanly" in this way? Gentlemanliness who undertake parties might furnish scores of such gentlemen, with hands and feet of any required size, and warranted to do nothing "ungentlemanly." For my part, I am inclined to think that a gentleman is something positive, not merely negative. And if sometimes my friend the Pasha says a rousing and wholesome truth, it is more the less gentlemanly because it is [illegible].—*Putnam's Magazine.*

Wit and Humor.

DEMANDING HIS SWORD.

The gallant Colonel S——, who had the honor to command the "[illegible] One Hundred and Twelfth, Pennsylvania Militia," who used annually to make their appearance on the public [illegible] of the borough of Erie, armed with fowling-pieces, broom-sticks, [illegible] and [illegible] hats, without either "lock, stock, or barrel," and go through various evolutions "[illegible]" by Steuben and Scott, had the misfortune to have in his corps an unruly German officer, the gallant Captain E——, who, without the fear of a court-martial before his eyes, disobeyed the [illegible] order of the [illegible]. The Colonel's dignity had been offended, and his honor had received a wound that could only be healed by the punishment of Captain E——. The regiment was disbanded, and the Colonel tried to forget the indignity; but the more he tried to drive it from his recollection, "the more it wouldn't go," and so he brooded over his wrath until, like the compressed fires of the volcano, it must break forth. It disturbed his thoughts by day and his dreams by night, and it could be pent up no longer. He called to him his trusty aid, the brave Major W——, bade him array himself in full uniform, with big gloves reaching to his elbows, and a long sword dangling by his side, capped by a chapeau and a nodding-plume, and commanded him to arrest Captain E——, and take his sword. Major W——, in pursuance of his orders, at mid day, to the very great amusement of the "boys," both of large and smaller growth, marched through the principal street of the borough to the quarters of Captain E——, (a saddler's-shop,) and found him in wax up to his elbows, hard at work. Upon his entrance the Major doffed his chapeau in true military style, and said: "Captain E——, I am directed by Colonel S—— to inform you that you are to consider yourself under arrest, and to demand your sword." Captain E——, drawing himself up to his full height, and perhaps doubting the solvency of Colonel S——, said: "Major, dese be hang my sword, and you dell Gernel S——, w'en he bay me den dollar, w'at him got, he git him!" The Major left "in disgust," but "satisfied."

DEFINITIONS NOT FOUND IN THE DICTIONARY.

Ivory.—Something swallowed by a dog.
Bessett.—Elizabeth in a passion.
Mystic.—A stick belonging to me.
Policy.—I am looking at Polly.
Mismatched.—A lady engaged to be married.
Noticed.—A glass of punch without ice.
Punish.—Some of the above definitions.

A Model Clergyman.—During the exciting campaign of ——, when party politics ran so high, and the distinctive principles and issues of the two great parties were capable of being discussed and understood, an "aged clergyman" was invited to officiate as chaplain at some kind of a public meeting, a political one, of course.

In his opening prayer, among other objects of his petitions, one was that the speakers might use the words of truth and soberness, that they might tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the addresses having been of a very decided stamp; and abuses of the administration then in power having been denounced in set terms, and the integrity of the —— party and the purity of its principles exhibited in glowing colors, the old gentleman wound up the last prayer pretty nearly thus: "At the beginning of these exercises, oh Lord, we prayed that Thy servants might tell the truth, and now, oh Lord, we *thank Thee that they've done it!* And to Thy name be all the glory," &c.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Stealing Hens.—Judge W——, who still occupies an honorable position upon the Supreme Bench at Michigan could, if he chose, tell some good stories of his early jurisprudence in the interior of the State. Holding his first circuit in Oakland, in 1843, a fellow was tried and convicted before him, for stealing hens. For foreman of the traverse jury was one C—— T——, a laughable original, by the way, and hitherto unknown to the Judge. The trial being over, and a verdict of guilty rendered, the Judge sentenced the culprit to imprisonment in the county jail, soon after which the Court adjourned. On the way down from the Court House, the Judge was overtaken by foreman T——, in a big short roundabout, with a fiery red head, whom he did not at once recollect. "Well, Judge," said T——, slapping him on the back, "you put it to that chap good and strong, and you did just right; poor, miserable cuss, to steal hens! Judge, I am naturally strong in the back, and when the country was new, I have now and then taken a sheep; but hens, oh, goodness! he ought to feel above it!"

What the "Skeeter" said to the Sleepy Gentleman.—Hum-m!—hum, shut your eyes, sir, the noise you hear is nought but flies, sir; a whim—w-h-i-m! don't be scared, sir; go to sleep, your sheets are aired, sir. Hum-m—a h-y-m-n it is, I'm singing, it's music in your ears is ringing; I won't sting you, sting you, s-t-i-n-g! I'd scorn to do so mean a thing. A h-u-m-m-ing it is, not me that bites. Take care! don't slap. I never fights. Slap! whang! take care! you nearly hit me. 'Twas me, my friend, that bit ye. There! again! it comes to blows; you fool, it didn't touch your nose. What in the world's the use of slapping—your own face, when you should be napping? A-h-e-m!-m-m, don't be alarmed, you really ought to be quite charmed. H-u-m, hum! don't play the boy, I merely sung your lullaby. A whang, again! There, *there* you go. No use! you can't hit me, you know. Now go to sleep. Alas! you're going. Now for a feast, old chap; *I* go in. All right! he's gone; I'll have my fill. Say, old sleepy, here's my *bill.*

A Tough Story.—It is related that during one of the obstinate naval engagements between the English and the Dutch, in the time of Cromwell, one of the English ships, to their great mortification, had expended all their ammunition. The commander, well aware of the trafficking propensities of the Dutch, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent an officer on board an enemy's ship to purchase ammunition. The Dutch, who would never lose an opportunity to make a good bargain, without regard to friend or foe, after some negotiation, consented to supply their enemies with powder and ball; and taking advantage of their necessities, demanded an exorbitant price, which, of course, was paid after some grumbling, by John Bull, who, nevertheless, seemed duly sensible of the favor, and, renewing the engagement with more fury than ever, returned the balls with such force and accuracy, that the Dutchman was soon placed *hors de combat*, and compelled to surrender!

Robbing "an Editor.—A New Hampshire editor, while recently travelling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket, by an adroit pick-pocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by express, to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note:

"You miserable skunk, heare your pocket-book. I don't keep no sich. For a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallit with nothin' in it but a lot of newspaper scraps, a ivory tooth comb, two noospaper stamps, an' a pass from a ralerode directer, is a contemtible imposition on the public. As I hear your a editur, I return your trash. I never robs any ony gentlemen."

Cuvier and Satan.—It is said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the tooth of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. It is further *said* that he once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added, "Horns? hoofs? *graminivorous!* Needn't be afraid of him!"

A Tutor.—"You say, Mr. Spriggins, that Mr Jacobus was your tutor. Does the Court understand from that that you received your education from him?" "No, sir. By tutor I mean that he learnt me how to play on the French horn. He taught me to toot—hence I call him my tutor." "Ah! the Court understood you differently. Crier, call the next witness."—*Dutchman.*

[illegible] Going on a Joke.—Our attention has lately been directed to an invention by a Mr. Fahrenheiter obtaining milk in a solidified form, for sea voyages. A funny friend of ours says it must be a capital invention, for solidified milk must be *quite the cheese.*—*Diogenes.*

Description of Grattan.—At length the door opened, and in hopped a small, bent figure, meagre, yellow and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his [illegible]

Railroad Scenes.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Confound it! just too late! Another minute and I should have caught it."

[*Between ourselves, is it not quite as well he didn't?*]

Selected Articles.

SULTANAS ABROAD.

Nearly all Turkish women sally out every Friday to take the air, away from the town, on the banks of the Bosphorus, or to some of the places where water and shade may be found. The wealthy go in carts without springs, of unwieldly and primitive construction—six or seven heaped together—and sometimes their husbands lead the oxen or horses to the chosen spot, and then go away, leaving the women perfectly free to enjoy themselves as they please. The most popular amusements are the singing and music of the gipsy women, who repair thither for the purpose—music which is amorously languid, and singing which is detestably indecent. A lunch is generally brought out, and when this is dispatched, smoking and drinking commence—drinking, not of sherbet, but of good brandy, or other strong liquors, which soon induce a boisterous gaiety, so that the sultanas, whom we often imagine as pining away imprisoned, may be seen rolling in convulsions of inextinguishable laughter on the turf, or huddled up in a still more advanced stage of intoxication, like bundles of rags. The Montenegrin servants, who are the privileged beholders of these scenes, are often compelled to haul them into their carts, in which they are jolted back to the harem. Those who are not too far gone frequently pull up in passing through the Christian quarter, at the doors of taverns, to get more drink; and a file of a hundred carts may often be seen stopping in one street, all full of women, some made bold and chattering by their excess, others hanging sleepily about and murmuring to be taken home.

There is a walk planted with elm-trees, not far from the city, where only women are admitted. Two or three thousand assemble there at a time, and, sitting upon a verdant slope, enjoy the indescribable pantomime of a comedy, which some infamous Jews, hired for the purpose, perform on the limits of the forbidden ground, for their amusement.

Europeans, of course, cannot enter the walk itself, but they may see the crowds collected at a distance, and hear the shrill applause which every act more than usually beastly of the mountebanks creates in the female crowd. On these occasions it would scarcely be possible for a stranger to recognize Eastern life from the descriptions he is accustomed to read. The free conduct of the women has more than once attracted the attention of the government, which not very long ago published an edict, complaining that they remained out late at night, that they rode forth in coaches with young Christian drivers; that they ventured into shops, especially those of apothecaries; and even pushed their audacity so far as to eat ices in the Frankish coffee-houses of Galata and Pera. The edict accordingly recommended that early hours should be kept, and forbade women to enter shops of any kind, or be driven about by young coachmen. These interferences with manners which were supposed to be great advances in civilization, and which seem strangely accompanied by proclamations giving permission to women to appear on the public promenades, were of course ineffectual. The women continue their old customs, though some have been hanged or drowned for being found in the back shops of Christians. It will require something else besides repressive measures to bring about a reform in this respect. All laws in the East, moreover, have the temporary character of proclamations. They are applied for a day and forgotten. It is forbidden, for example, most expressly for shopmen to have any other than old men as servants; and they, almost without exception, have spruce, dashing young attendants.—*The Turks in Europe.*

Remarkable Indian Sang-Froid.—The inhabitants of the banks of the Orinoco and its tributary streams discourse continually on the dangers to which they are exposed. They have marked the manners of the crocodile, as the torero has studied the manners of the bull. When they are assailed they put in practice, with that presence of mind and that resignation which characterize the Indians, the Zamboes, and copper-colored men in general, the counsels they have heard from their infancy. In countries where nature is so powerful and so terrible, man is constantly prepared for danger. We have mentioned before the answer of the young Indian girl, who delivered herself from the jaws of the crocodile: "I knew he would let me go, if I thrust my fingers into his eyes." This girl belonged to the indigent class of the people, in whom the habits of physical want augment energy of character; but how can we avoid being surprised to observe, in the countries convulsed by terrible earthquakes, on the table-land of the province of Quito, women belonging to the highest classes of society display, in the moment of peril, the same calm, the same reflecting intrepidity? I shall mention one example only, in support of this assertion. On the 4th of February, 1797, when 35,000 Indians perished in the space of a few minutes, a young mother saved herself and children, crying out to them to extend their arms at the moment when the cracked ground was ready to swallow them up. When this courageous woman heard the astonishment that was expressed at a presence of mind so extraordinary, she answered, with great simplicity: "I had been told in my infancy, if the earthquake surprise you in a house, place yourself under a doorway that communicates from one apartment to another; if you be in the open air, and feel the ground opening beneath you, extend both your arms, and try to support yourself on the edge of the crevice."

Thus, in savage regions, or in countries exposed to frequent convulsions, man is prepared to struggle with the beasts of the forest, to deliver himself from the jaws of the crocodile, and to escape from the conflict of the elements.—*Humboldt's Travels.*

Ornamental Needle-Work.—Solomon, in describing the wise woman, says, "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry," and it would seem that he, with all his wisdom, did not think it a waste of time for a wife to cultivate the ornamental as well as the useful. She who "layeth her hands to the spindle," and who "holdeth the distaff," may also deck her house with tapestry, and her household "with divers colors of needlework."

From the earliest ages woman has so exercised her taste and ingenuity. In the quiet of domestic life she has reproduced, with her wonderful little needle, the flowers of the field and the pictures of the artist.

There is, perhaps, no city in Europe that [illegible] to this skill, from the rich [illegible] to a sedative in trouble, a means of support to the needy, and a source of gratification to the lovers of the beautiful.—*Miss Anne T. Wilbur.*

☞ Too True.—Gold washing has proved so unhealthy an operation, that it may truly be said there is but one step from the "cradle" to [illegible]

CHINESE WOMEN.

The wife and daughter of the Chinese farmer walk about the world with such feet as it has pleased God to give them—and very pretty feet and ankles they generally are. In fact, whatever want of beauty of feature there may be among the Chinese women, no one can deny them the merit of remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands, and arms. Of the rest of the figure one can judge but indifferently, from their peculiar though not ungraceful costume.

In the country villages, the young girls and matrons may be seen at their doors, or grouped together beneath the trees, or in the yard attached to the house, engaged in household or farm occupation, laughing the while in merry chorus to their work. I have often, from the back of my horse, looked over the low walls at such a group, but the result was rarely complimentary; for on some coy damsel suddenly catching sight of my Saxon face, she would scream an alarm to the rest, who retreated to the house with a general screech. On reaching the threshold, however, they would generally stop to giggle at the object of their fears, on finding him not pursuing with savage intent; or sometimes the respectable, bearded patriarch would take them by the shoulders, and, in spite of their affected resistance, push them all out again into the yard, calling jokingly to me at the same time, in some incomprehensible gibberish, probably to "eat them up." I flatter myself, however, that I was not sufficiently frightful to alarm them very much, with a stout wall between, and the whole village within call; far different, however, was the case when "the foreign devil" happened to come upon one solitary matron, pursuing her way from one village or farm to the other. Her fears were really terrible, and she fled as fast as her legs could carry her; if, however, the unprotected female happened to be of the small-footed kind, she staggered off with the aid of her bamboo, till an unlucky trip would usually leave her sprawling on the path, or not impossibly into the mud and water of a paddy-field. To rush to her assistance was the natural impulse; but the approach of the monster was a signal for the most tremendous shrieking, and one could only persevere at the risk of throwing the distressed matron into hysterics. It was a disagreeable dilemma, but it invariably ended in my walking on, and leaving the lady to scramble out of the mud in her own way. If I had a Chinese attendant with me, I usually sent him on to conduct any fair one I might meet, into a secure by-path, or to assure her of the harmlessness of my general character and habits.—*Recollections of China.*

AN ECCENTRIC PUBLICAN.

Towards the close of the last century, there lived in Kidderminster an eccentric person of the name of Orton, (*not* that Orton, the friend of Doddridge, who passed some time in the town, but "Job Orton," the landlord of the Bell Inn.) During his life-time he erected his tomb in the parish church-yard, with this *memento-mori* inscription, graven in large characters on the upper slab:

Job Orton, a man from Leicestershire;
And when he's dead, he must lie under here.

This inscription remains unaltered to this day, and may be seen on the right-hand of the broad walk on the North side of the spacious churchyard. His coffin was constructed at the same time; and, until it should be required for other and personal purposes, was used as a wine-bin. But, to carry his eccentricity even to the grave, he left strict orders that he should be buried in an erect posture; and tradition (*of course*) says, that his request was complied with. Your correspondent says that tradition assigns no reason for the peculiarity of the Harcourt knight's burial; but tradition has been more explicit in Job Orton's case, whose reason (!) for his erect posture in the tomb, was, that at the last day he might be able to rise from his grave before his wife, who was buried in the usual horizontal manner. Job Orton appears to have had a peculiar talent for the composition of epitaphs; as in his more playful moments, he was accustomed to tell his better half that if he outlived her, he should put the following lines on her tombstone:

Esther Orton—a bitter, sour weed;
God never lov'd her, nor increased her seed.

He seems, however, to have spared her this gratuitous insult. As a farther illustration of the character of this singular couple, the following anecdote is told. Esther Orton having frequently declared that she should never die happy until she had rolled in riches, Job, like a good husband, determined to secure his wife's happiness. Having sold some land for a thousand pounds, he insisted that the money should be paid wholly in guineas. Taking these home in a bag, he locked his wife up in a room, knocked her down, opened his bag of guineas, and, rubbing the golden wealth upon her, rolled his Danae over and over in the coin. "And now, Esther," said Job Orton, "thee mayst die as soon as thee pleases, for thee'st had thy wish and *rolled in riches.*"—*Notes and Queries.*

The Old Moon in the New Moon's Arms.—It has been stated that the moon is invisible when out of sunshine. This is strictly true, although a word of explanation may be needed to prove the fact. Often, within a day or two of the time of new moon, the dull surface of its body may be seen faintly traced out on the twilight sky. Not only the crescent of the shining portion is visible—the entire face of the hemisphere turned towards the earth is also obscurely perceptible. The old moon lies, as it is said, within the arms of the new. Now the light by which the old moon makes its appearance under these circumstances, is really sunshine, notwithstanding the position the solar orb holds beyond the lunar sphere; but it is twice-diluted sunshine—the silver has been transmuted into lead by the touch of earth. The sun-light does not penetrate through the moon's substance, but comes to the earth, is thence thrown back to the moon, and from the moon returns to earth again. At the time of new moon, the earth, it will be remembered, is on the opposite side of the moon to the sun; consequently, the illumined half of the earth is shining on the moon, and the lunar [illegible] we perceive is the moon seen by the earth-shine. This earth shine is thirteen times stronger to the moon than the moonshine is to us, on account of the comparatively larger dimensions of the terrestrial sphere. Some astronomers state that this earth-shine on the moon changes its ash-grey tint to a green one, when the part of the earth opposite to the new moon is that which contains the verdant and forest-covered plains of South America. There can be no doubt that this earth-shine on the moon is more vivid when the terrestrial atmosphere through which it has to pass is clear, and that it is made dull when that air is laden with clouds and mists. Arago believes that we shall, some time or other, be able to ascertain the mean state of our atmosphere's transparency, by watching the ashy tints that appear on the obscure portion of the moon.

Not so Poor as I Look.—One day as Judge Parsons was jogging along on horseback over a desolate road, he came upon a log hut, dirty, smoky and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty of the scene. A poor, half starved fellow, with uncombed hair and unshaven beard, thrust his head through a square hole which served for a window, with—"I say, Judge, I ain't so poor as you think me [illegible]

GEORGIAN AND CIRCASSIAN SLAVES IN TURKEY.

Another source from which vacant harems are filled is the market of Georgian slaves; but it is by no means so popular. These unhappy creatures, who are embarked at Trebizond on board of the regular steamers, reach Constantinople in a very sad and pitiable state. We can imagine an European reader almost envying the captain under whose care is placed so precious a cargo; but, alas! the truth is, that the Georgians are looked upon almost as unceremoniously as a hundred crates of locusts for the Marseilles market. It is true they are separated as much as possible from the rest of the passengers, penned in the midst of sheep, and hidden by dirty clothes; or, in bad weather, crammed below, like negroes in the middle passage. In spite of these precautions, the whole vessel suffers from their presence. Without exception, every one brings away a colony of native vermin. This is easily accounted for. The poor things resemble not a bevy of English maidens going out voluntarily. They are sold, from poverty or avarice, by their parents or friends, and are handed over, nearly naked, to the purchaser. To dress them would eat up all the profits. Such is the costume in which they crowd by day, and huddle together at night, whispering or dreaming of the splendor which has been promised them, to dispel their sorrow, and perhaps giving a passing thought to the home which has cast them forth, like the pet lamb when it has outgrown the fondness or the patience of its mistress. The merchant, with the unrelenting stupidity which characterizes all dealers in human flesh, fattens these future sultanas during the voyage on water and millet-flour porridge. They arrive at their journey's end in such a state, that few connoisseurs in incipient beauty would venture to pronounce an opinion.

Sometimes, when the owner is in haste to realize, he drives his Georgian flock to market in the unseemly condition in which they come ashore; or at most throws around them a feringhi—the mantle of the Turkish women. Chance for the most part presides over the sale. The purchaser keeps at a respectful distance from his acquisition, as a doctor might from a plague patient; and drives her before him to what may be called a preparatory school for the harem. A number of old women, indeed, gain their living by polishing up this rough material; combing their hair into shape, scrubbing them, and exterminating the reminiscences they have brought with them from their native hovels. From the class of women I have thus described most of the consorts of persons high in rank are taken. Such are the mothers of the ministers of the Sublime Porte—ay, and of all the Sultans that have ever reigned on the shores of the Bosphorus.—*The Turks in Europe.*

THE ENGLISH ON THE CONTINENT.

The following extract from Mr. Hillard's "Six Months in Italy," gives a lively idea of the English and the power of England:

The English in Italy, as on the continent generally, are not liked; but, on the other hand, they are never despised. They carry about with them the impress of qualities which extort respect, not unmingled with fear. Too proud to stoop, and too cold to sympathise, they are too honest to flatter and too brave to dissemble. Truth, courage, and justice—those lion virtues that stand around the throne of national greatness—shape their blunt manners and their downright speech. Every conscientious Catholic must needs respect the fidelity which Englishmen show to the religious institutions of their country; the regularity with which they attend public worship in the chapels of their faith, and their careful abstinence from ordinary amusements and occupations on Sundays. This uncompromising hold upon their own interpretation of right is sometimes pushed to an extreme, and often turns an unamiable aspect toward others; but without it there is neither national greatness nor individual worth. The English are proud of their own country, and for that, surely, no one can blame them. They are proud of its history, of its literature, of its Constitution; and especially of the rank it holds, and the power it wields at the present time. To this national pride they have a fair right. A new sense of the greatness of England is gathered from travelling on the continent; for, let an Englishman go where he will, the might and majesty of his country seem to be hanging over him like an unseen shield. Let but a hand of violence be laid upon an English subject, and the great British Lion, which lies couchant in Downing Street, begins to utter menacing growls, and shake his invincible locks. An English man-of-war seems to be always within one day's sail of everywhere. Let political agitation break out in any port on the globe, if there be even a roll of English broadcloth, or a pound of English tea to be endangered thereby, within forty-eight hours an English steamer or frigate is pretty sure to drop anchor in the harbor, with an air that seems to say, "Here I am; does anybody want anything of me?"

European versus American Scenery.—Dr. Baily, of the National Era, comes to the conclusion that the praise so lavishly uttered about the picturesqueness and beauty of European scenery is all humbug. He says, that an American must be curiously constituted who can find anything abroad to make him regret that his home is in the New World. As to natural scenery, he will be surprised, at times, to see how much poetry has been lavished here upon what among us would pass almost unnoticed. That the English should fall into raptures about the Rhine, is not to be wondered at—they have no river like it—but leaving out of view a few ruins which look quite picturesque in an album, a voyage on the Rhine, to an American familiar with the Hudson, Ohio, and Upper Mississippi, must be comparatively tame; while the miserable little steamers, and the mean fare, will soon impel him to betake himself to the railway. Very young persons, and green old ones, fresh from the pages of Byron, and tourists determined to make a book, may grow ecstatic over the "vine-clad hills" of the Rhine, and, in devotional murmurs, quote something about its "exulting and bounding waters," but a single day on its bosom will entirely satisfy those of our countrymen not given to illusions.

For Housekeepers.

RHUBARB.

This plant is coming very extensively into use along our Lake Shore, and when the dwellers inland learn to grow it, the same will be generally true. At present, however, it seems to be put to a single use—that of pie-making. It is admirable for this, and the use of it in this way, will pay amply for its cultivation. But one word as to treating it. Some persons *peel* the stalks before cooking, while others *stew* them before putting them into the pie. Either is worse than useless. The way is to wash the stalks simply; then cut them into small pieces, put them raw into the pie; apply the seasoning and bake. One who tries this will never depart from it.

But there are other uses for the pie-plant besides pastry. Vinegar and wine may be made of it. For these purposes the following method is pursued: Bruise six pounds of Rhubarb stalks in one gallon of cold spring water; let it stand in a moderately cool place five or six days, stirring it now and then each day; then strain it through a sieve, and add four pounds of sugar, and one sliced lemon. Let it stand now without stirring for ten days; then strain it through muslin, and put it in a cask. After fermentation is over, which will last five or six weeks, add an eighth of an ounce of isinglass. Then either bung the cask, or draw it off in bottles, and keep it in a cool cellar, till a year old. This for wine. To make vinegar, proceed in the same way to the putting in of the isinglass, which is now omitted; then let it stand in a warm place with bung out till it is vinegar. The best time to make the wine is after the heats of summer are over. Our large Rhubarbs grow on moist soils, till near or quite winter. The earlier and smaller, of course, die down long before.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Fried Oysters.—Select the largest oysters for frying. Take them out of their liquor with a fork, and endeavor, in doing so, to rinse off all the particles of shell which may adhere to them. Dry them between napkins; have ready some grated cracker, seasoned with cayenne pepper and salt. Beat the yolks only of some eggs, and to each egg add half a table-spoonful of thick cream. Dip the oysters, one at a time, first in the egg, then in the cracker crumbs, and fry them in plenty of hot butter, or butter and lard mixed, till they are of a light brown on both sides. Serve them hot.

Broiled Chickens.—Split them down the back, wash them nicely, and wipe them dry.—Heat your gridiron, grease the bars, and put your chickens over clear coals. Broil them slowly, be careful not to burn the legs and wings. When done, season them with pepper, salt, and a large piece of butter. Send them to the table hot. Partridges, pheasants and pigeons are broiled in the same way.—*National Cook Book.*

Good.—A well-dressed "gentleman" went, a few days ago, to a fashionable restaurant, and took an excellent breakfast. As he was dipping his coffee, the waiter, who it seems, had some reason to suspect him, and had kept a watch on him, saw him slip a silver spoon and fork into his pocket. He hastened to tell his master. The latter, to avoid exposure, resolved to enter the things on the bill; and, as his thought was their general [illegible], he charged off, the items. The gentleman examined the bill, but though surprised at the entry, displayed no emotion. He produced his purse, and paid the whole of the bill, remarking, "Forty-five francs for a rather high sum for a silver spoon and fork."—*N. Y. Sunday Courier.*

Agricultural.

INTRODUCTION OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS INTO AMERICA.

The following account of the introduction of Domestic Animals into this country, has been condensed from the late Census Report, and will be found to possess interest. It furnishes a key to the origin of our Native Cattle, of which mention is often made, and concerning which an article was published in our August number.—*Wool Grower.*

The first animals brought to America from Europe, were imported by Columbus in his second voyage, in 1493. He left Spain as Admiral of seventeen ships, bringing a collection of European trees, plants, and seeds of various kinds, a number of horses, a bull, and several cows.

The first horses brought into any part of the territory at present embraced in the United States were landed in Florida, by Cabeca de Vaca, in 1527, forty-two in number, all of which perished or were otherwise killed. The next importation was also brought to Florida, by De Soto, in 1539, which consisted of a large number of horses and swine, among which were thirteen sows, the progeny of the latter soon increasing to several hundred.

The Portuguese took cattle and swine to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia in the year 1553. Thirty years after they had multiplied so abundantly, that Sir Richard Gilbert attempted to land there to obtain supplies of cattle and hogs for his crew, but was wrecked.

Swine and other domestic animals were brought over to Acadia, by M. L'Escarbot, a French lawyer, in 1604, the year that country was settled. In 1608, the French extended their settlement into Canada, and soon after introduced various animals.

In 1609, three ships from England landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, with many immigrants, and the following domestic animals, namely: six mares, one horse, six hundred swine, five hundred domestic fowls, with a few sheep and goats. Other animals had been previously introduced there. In 1611, Sir Thos. Gates brought over to the same settlement, one hundred cows, besides other cattle. In 1610, an edict was issued in Virginia, prohibiting the killing of domestic animals of any kind, on penalty of death to the accessory and twenty-four hours whipping to the concealer. As early as the year 1617, the swine had multiplied so rapidly in the colony, that people were obliged to palisade Jamestown to prevent being overrun with them. In 1627, the Indians near the settlement fed upon hogs, which had become wild, instead of game. Every family in Virginia at that time which had not an abundance of tame hogs and poultry, was considered very poor. In 1648, some of the settlers had a good stock of bees. In 1667, sheep and mares were forbidden to be exported from the province. By the year 1722, or before, sheep had somewhat multiplied, and yielded good fleeces.

The first animals introduced into Massachusetts, was by Edward Winslow, in 1624, consisting of three heifers and a bull. In 1626, twelve cows were sent to Cape Ann. In 1629, one hundred and fifteen cattle were imported into the plantation on Massachusetts Bay, besides some horses and mares, several conies, and forty-one goats. They were mostly ordered by Francis Higginson, formerly of Leicestershire, whence several of the animals were brought.

The first importation into New York was made from Holland, by the West India Company, in 1625, consisting of horses and cattle for breeding, besides as many sheep and hogs as was thought expedient.

HENS AND CHICKENS.

We are not intending to treat of the superiority of one kind of fowl over another, as we have never been affected with the fever for Chinese poultry, or for any of the large roosters that cannot fly high enough to roost out of the way of skunks and dogs and two-legged depredators.

It is said to be a fine trait in poultry to be unable to rise on the wing high enough to mount a common stone wall to enter a garden. Yet this inability unfits them to guard themselves in the nighttime against prowling thieves. Our large rats will destroy unprotected young chickens when they can meet them off of the roost.

When the hen is with her young brood she protects them most effectually, provided she has freedom enough to roam through the yards. Dogs, cats, rats, and skunks must look out for her bill and wings and toes, in case of a longing for her young brood.

It is interesting to note the power of instinct in this class of animated nature. The hen lays her dozen of eggs in the most safe place that she can find for her young brood. She avoids holes and low places, where they might be exposed to reptiles and creeping things—and she is cautious of very high lofts, whence she might not be able to descend and lead her family forth to seek their living.

She sits on her dozen eggs—just about as many as she can keep warm with the heat of her body—for a term of three weeks, with the patience of a Roman saint of the middle ages on a pillar of penitence. Her warmest chicks first burst the shell and she feels herself a mother, full of anxious care for her offspring; but she still keeps her station for a day or two, waiting for her whole family to come to light.

She seems to be aware that her young can live for two or three days without receiving any food through the mouth, since Nature has provided a sufficiency in the yolk, which at length becomes part and parcel of the young chick.

Yet in due time the mother knows that it is proper to quit her sitting place and lead her offspring forth to light and exercise. And she at once invites them to learn to pick up food. She scratches and finds small animalcule and crumbs. Some of these she eats and some she throws down again to tempt them to imitate her.

When night approaches the hen is very sure to return to her old quarters to cherish her brood. Nothing but force will induce her to retire to any other spot. She is as sure as the commander of an army to have a known rallying point, that strays may all know where to find head-quarters.

We were much amused the other day to find a young brood of ten chickens without a mother to shelter them. She had left them in order to seek her old nest, which was so high on a scaffold that her brood could not follow her.

Now had she been endowed with the power of reasoning, she must have reflected that the young ones must remain without shelter through the night if she persisted in her purpose of keeping the old encampment. But she was governed by the same powerful instinct which induced her to keep her sitting for three weeks, and enough longer to perfect the hatching of all her eggs—and she persisted in what she thought her duty—that is, she regarded her nest as the only rallying point, whatever might interpose to prevent her being followed by her young.

This hen went alone to her nest and could not be found that night. But the next morning she appeared, and took charge of her chicks when they were presented from the house. On the second night she left her brood again and went alone to her nest. She could not be found, but on the following morning she again appeared and took charge of her brood.

The barn was now shut up so close that she could not again return to her old nest—she therefore remained with her young under a shed, submitting to the necessity of yielding to superior power. She is now quite reconciled to the idea of adopting her head-quarters to the power and capacity of her young ones.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Prevention of the Potato Disease.—The *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* mentions a mode of preventing the malady in potatoes, and which, it says, comes from Russia. It simply consists in drying the potatoes completely, and then planting them in the usual way. The discovery, it says, was the effect of chance. A farmer, in 1850, had placed a quantity of potatoes in an exceedingly warm room, and in three weeks they became completely dried up. He then set them in the usual manner, and was quite astonished at obtaining, not only a more abundant crop, but one completely sound. He repeated the experiment in 1851, and [illegible]

French Farms.—Hon. W. C. Rives, of Virginia, delivered an eloquent address at the Agricultural Fair of New York, recently. We take from it the following description of the minute division of landed property in France:

"In the country which is separated from England by a narrow sea, and yet more by a strongly contrasted national character, institutions and manners, the arrangements of agriculture are of a peculiarly opposite nature. There it is not the monopoly, but the extreme and continued subdivision of landed property and the diminutiveness of farms, almost to the verge of the infinite divisibility of matter, that opposes the most serious obstacle to the general progress of agricultural improvements. What would we think on this broad continent of ours, of a field measuring one and a-half yards by two, and a farmer owning and cultivating a single furrow, and that by no means a long one. And yet in Lorraine there are examples of the farmer attested by the authority of a grave and respectable French writer, and in Brittany the common name applied to the peasant to his possession is *sillon*, or furrow, and it is, in fact, often nothing more. It is estimated that there are about a million and a quarter of proprietors in France, none of which hold more than two hectares, or five acres of land, and dividing the whole area of the country by the total number of proprietors at every grade, the average size of the farms is about eleven and a-half acres. This inordinate subdivision of landed property, encumbered, too, for the most part with hereditary mortgages which have descended with the land from father to son, must, it is evident, in much the larger number of instances, leave neither the space nor the capital necessary for an improved system of husbandry. There are, notwithstanding, examples of high and successful farming in France.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

Bots in Horses.—A Middleborough correspondent, who does not wish to have his name given, writes to us that bots may be kept away by greasing the legs of a horse and thus prevent the nits adhering long enough for the horse to bite them off and swallow them.

He gets rid of the bots in the stomach by administering a dose of alum, dissolved in sharp cider or vinegar, and then a dose of thoroughwort physic. He says boil it down strong and put in molasses.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Substitute for the Potato.—A liliaceous plant, the fritillaria, known commonly by the name of crown imperial, is said to contain in its bulbs at least as much nourishment as the potato. The fecula of the fritillaria is white, and serves perfectly well for nourishment, whether for man or cattle. The plant is of easy culture, and its fecula can be obtained at a less cost than that of potatoes. It has been tried in France for cakes and other purposes, and found to be excellent.—*Maine Farmer.*

For the Young.

CLOUDS.

Q. What are *clouds?*

A. Moisture *evaporated from the earth*, and again partially *condensed* in the upper regions of the air.

Q. What is the difference between a *fog* and a *cloud?*

A. Clouds and fog differ only in one respect. *Clouds are elevated above our heads; but fogs come in contact with the surface of the earth.*

Q. Why are *clouds higher* on a *fine day?*

A. Because they are *lighter* and *more buoyant.*

Q. Why are *clouds lighter* on a *fine day?*

A. 1st.—Because the vapor of the clouds is *less condensed*; and

2nd.—The *air itself* (on a fine day) retains much of its vapor in an *invisible* form.

Q. Why do *clouds float* so readily in the *air?*

A. Because they are composed of *very minute globules* (called vesicles;) which, being lighter than air, float like *soap bubbles.*

Q. Are *all* clouds *white?*

A. No. They vary greatly in *density, height* and *color.*

Q. What is the *chief cause* of fog and *clouds?*

A. The changes of the wind.

Many *local* circumstances also favor the formation of clouds.

Q. How can the *changes* of the *wind* affect the *clouds?*

A. If a *cold current of wind* blows suddenly over any region, it *condenses* the invisible vapor of the air into *cloud or rain*; but, if a *warm current of wind* blows over any region, it *disperses* the clouds, by *absorbing their vapor.*

Q. What *countries* are the *most* cloudy?

A. Those where the winds are *most variable*, as Great Britain.

Q. What *countries* are the *least* cloudy?

A. Those where the winds are *least variable*, as Egypt.

Q. What *distance* are the *clouds* from the *earth?*

A. Some *thin, light clouds* are elevated above the highest mountain-top; some *heavy* ones touch the steeples, trees, and even the earth; but the *average* height is between *one and two miles.*

N. B.—Streaky, curling clouds, *like hair*, are often five or six miles high.

Q. What *clouds* are the *lowest?*

A. Those which are the *most highly electrified*; lightning clouds are rarely more than about seven hundred yards above the ground; and often actually *touch the earth with one of their edges.*

Q. What is the *size* of the *clouds?*

A. Some clouds are *twenty square miles in surface*, and above *a mile in thickness*; while others are only a *few yards or inches.*

Q. How can persons *ascertain* the *thickness* of a *cloud?*

A. As the *tops* of high mountains are generally above the clouds, travellers may pass *quite through* them into a clear blue firmament; when the clouds will be seen *beneath their feet.*—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 10, is a pronoun.
My 2, 13, 5, is a beautiful tree.
My 3, 9, 13, is an English measure.
My 4, 1, 6, is a kind of grain.
My 5, 7, 14, 11, is what we all ought to be.
My 6, 9, 15, is an animal common in North America.
My 7, 13, 8, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 8, 2, 6, 4, is a kind of liquor.
My 9, 14, 11, is a musical instrument.
My 10, 4, 5, is what we all do.
My 11, 7, 1, is an instrument common to all.
My 12, 1, 13, 9, 2, always excites attraction.
My 13, 3, 6, is made by farmer's wives.
My 14, 1, 3, is a useful organ of the body.
My 15, 7, 2, 9, is a term used for the bottom of a ship.
My whole is a Turkish gold coin.

Salem, Va. EPHESUS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 19, 9, 23, 29, 17, 13, 3, is what we all wish to be.
My 6, 26, 24, 21, is what all wish to be.
My 5, 16, 18, 28, 38, 39, is what all should try to be.
My 20, 31, 15, 34, 25, 20, 3, is what some are.
My 22, 32, 7, 12, 38, 7, 10, 29, 21, is what all ought to be.
My 3, 4, 5, 10, 32, 35, 17, 30, is what all have been.
My 10, 37, 2, 16, 11, 35, 5, 33, is what all can be.
My 1, 5, 32, 8, is what all must be.
My 7, 27, 11, 39, 1, 39, 39, 21, 37, is what no lady wishes to be.
My 34, 36, 1, 5, 35, is what some ladies are supposed to be.
My 24, 38, 13, 35, 16, 3, is what some ladies are known to be.
My whole is an interrogatory to the patrons of the Saturday Evening Post.

Burlington, Iowa. J M C

RIDDLE.

I'm double, I'm single, I'm good and I'm bad,
As my followers who [illegible] prove;
By a trick it is known I'm not to be had,
But [illegible] loved by love.
What strange may appear, I can give to the fare
At one moment both smiles and chagrin;
And though oft to mankind I bring shame and disgrace,
Without honor I never [illegible]. P.
Wis.

PROBLEM.

A person put down a guinea, and with it a shilling; with the next guinea he put down two shillings; with the next, three, &c. He continued this till the number of shillings equalled in value the number of guineas. How much money had he?

Montreal. T R

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What kind of snuff is it that the more you take of it the fuller the box will be? Ans.—The snuff of a candle?

☞ In what month do ladies talk the least? Ans.—In February, it being the shortest month.

☞ Why is a man involved in debt, like another who is drowning? Ans.—He cannot keep his head above water.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Mount Pleasant College, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

The Slavery Question.

CHARADE.—Nottingham.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—At the end of 8 days.

The Olio.

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE SONG.

Fairer than [illegible], beloved,
Fairer than [illegible]—
There is one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Not the glad sun, beloved,
Bright though its beams—
Not the green earth, beloved,
Silver with streams—
Not the gay birds, beloved,
Happy and free;
Yet there's one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Not the clear day, beloved,
Glowing with light;
Not (fairer still, beloved,)
Star-crowned night.

Truth in her might, beloved,
Grand in her sway—
Truth with her eyes, beloved,
Clearer than day—

Holy and pure, beloved,
Spotless and free,
Is the one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Guard well thy soul, beloved,
Truth dwelling there,
Shall shadow forth, beloved,
Her image rare.

Then shall I deem, beloved,
That thou art she,
And there'll be nought, beloved
Fairer than thee.

A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

To Miss ——:

—The great love I have hitherto expressed to you is false, and I find my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I see of you, the more you appear in my eyes an object of contempt.
—I feel myself every way disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me extremely unhappy—and if we are united, I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents, added to the everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow, but I do not wish you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to any one more inconsistent and capricious than yourself, and less capable to do honor to my choice and to my family. Yes, Miss, I hope you will be persuaded that I speak sincerely, and you will do me a favor to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence, and you have not a shadow of wit and good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me so averse to you, that it is impossible for me ever to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant. S——.

⁎ The reader, after perusing the above little letter, will please read it again, commencing on the first line, and then the third and so on, to complete, reading each alternate line to the end.

The Discovery of a New Article of Commerce.—It has been ascertained that the *biche de mer*, or what is generally termed "sea slug," which is found in abundance on our Southern sea coast, is in great demand in China. This article is described as a very ugly, jelly-looking substance, of a dirty brown color, hard, rigid, and scarcely possessing power of locomotion or appearance of animation, and varying in size from say six inches in length and two or three in girth, to two feet long, and six or eight inches in girth. It may always be found in very large quantities strewed on the shore, between high and low water marks, on our Southern coasts. It is said the Chinese use immense quantities of this article, as we do Iceland moss and isinglass, and it is generally imported to that country from the shores of Australia and the Southern coast of Asia. The balance against us in our present trade with China, is about $5,000,000 per annum. This deficit has to be supplied in specie, therefore the discovery of the identity between the "sea slug" on our Southern coast, with the *biche de mer* of Chinese commerce, will probably do much to lessen the great balance of trade, which at this time is so greatly to our disadvantage. At all events, it is a subject that should claim the attention of all who are interested in the utmost development of our national resources.

Advice of an Old Lady.—Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in the bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the wash and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself, the better.

The Jewish Sabbath.—It is unlawful to ride on horseback or in carriage—to walk more than a mile from their dwellings—to transact business of any kind—to meddle with any money—to write—to play upon any musical instrument—to bathe—comb the hair—and even to carry a pin in their clothes which is unnecessary. These, and a great many others, are complied with by the most rigid. There is one command in the Law of Moses, to which all Jews most scrupulously adhere—"Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day." (Exodus xxxv. 3.) Consequently, they never light a fire, or a lamp, or a candle, on the Sabbath day, nor eat food prepared on that day—all must be done on Friday. As it is impossible to spend the Sabbath in cold climates without fire or light, the Jewish families who keep servants make it a point to have a Gentile in their service to do those things; and among the humbler classes, a number of families generally unite in securing the services of a Gentile neighbor for the day. Nothing would wound the conscience of a Jew more than to be under the necessity of putting fuel on the fire, or snuffing his candles on the Sabbath.—*British Jews.*

A Flowery Description.—The virtuous woman is an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, choice calico, and good principles. Men stand up before, and worship her, as so many admiration points, ready to melt into cream and boots. Her words float around the ear, like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of Trinity bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint hearted.

Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant firesides, taste, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light, and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of Heaven. Take our hat—umbrella, cane, and hymn-book will be sent in the morning.

Children and Wives in Spain.—Lady Tenison remarks, in her new work, that children in Spain are much more independent of their parents than with us. The father is obliged to give his eldest son a certain portion of his fortune when he marries, even should he do so without his consent. "A grandee must ask that of his Sovereign; but young people whose parents object to their marriage, have only to apply to the civil authorities and state their grievance. If no rational objections can be urged, the alcalde takes the young lady and gentleman, as the case may be from the parental house, and deposits them, as they term it, under the roof of some relative or friend, where they remain until the marriage takes place. A woman in Spain retains her own fortune when she marries, and is in every point, so far as regards money, far more independent than a married woman in England. The husband, if he ever so extravagant, can never touch his wife's property."

The Barrister Matched.—At a late quarter sessions a man was brought up by a farmer, accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a rare breed—I have some like them in my yard." "That's not [illegible]," said the farmer, "I have had stolen lately."